FRONTISPIECE.

Collings del.

Falconers.

Pub. April 1, 1808, by J. W[illegible], Warwick Square.

THE Sporting Magazine, OR MONTHLY CALENDAR, of the TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF THE CHACE And every other Diversion Interesting to the Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOL. 19.

1384

LONDON.
Printed for the PROPRIETOR and Sold by J. WHEBLE,
No. 18, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane near St. Pauls.
MDCCCII.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE, AND SPIRIT.

For OCTOBER, 1801.

CONTAINING,

	Page
Races against Time	3
General Court Martial	4
An Answer to the Yorkshire Challenge	5
Yorkshire Sporting	6
Wiltshire Sporting	ibid
Sussex Sporting	7
A Leicestershire Miser	ibid
An Account of Bottom, a Bull-Dog	8
Return from the Fight	ibid
Anecdotes of the late Dr. Monsey	9
Extract from the Journal of a City Tippy	13
Poney Race—An Error Corrected—Letter on the Cruelty of such Races	14
The Life, &c. of Colonel George Hanger, continued	15
Management of Horses	19
Antiquity of Skittle-Playing	ibid
Humourous Account of Messrs. Long, Lad, &c. &c.	20
Striking Instance of Brutality	21
Instinct nearly approaching to Reason	22
Bond-street Lounger's wonderful Cure	23
Origin of Dutch Pugs	24
Original Plan for a new Theatre	25
Gaming Incidents	26
The old Coffee-houses characterised by a Mahometan	27
Irish Botheration	28
Aerial Combats	30
Singular Character	ibid
Blackwall Regatta	31
A fine Building, the Result of a Boxing Match	ibid
Trial at Sussex Assizes for shooting a Dog	32
Fox and Hare-hunting	34
Duelling, in Ireland and Margate	35
Murder, at Chelsea College	36
Refinements in Horse-stealing	37
Shocking Accident to a Horse	38
New Mode of Religious Persecution	ibid
British Generosity exemplified	39
Account of the New Tragedy of Integrity	40
Account of the Musical Entertainment of Escape	42
Humourous Receipt for making a Tragedy	ibid
Boxing Matches	43
History of the Horse in England	45
Humourous Observations on the Illuminations	47
Eccentric Cases in the Court of Requests	48
Feast of Wit	49
Sporting Intelligence	51
POETRY.	
The Peace: or, Parodies on Shakespeare	53
The Age We Live In	ibid
Song for a Highland Drover's Return from England	54
The Season in September	55
Parody on Shakespeare	ibid
Ancient Inscription on a Bowling-Green Door	56
The Ghost of a Scold	ibid
Inscription to the Memory of a favourite Dog	ibid
RACING CALENDAR	1—8

[Embellished with an Engraving of Sir SOLOMON, by SCOTT; and an Etching of RETURN FROM THE FIGHT, by HOWITT.]

London:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall-mall, opposite St. James's Place; J. BOOTH, Duke Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. Justins, Printer, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. I. B. has been peculiarly happy both in the time, and execution of his Parodies on the Peace, inserted in the Poetical department of the present number.—His Picture of the AGE WE LIVE IN, especially

> "Mobs upon the levelling plan,
> Practising the *Rights of Man*,
> Led by scribbling knaves astray,
> Luminaries of a day, &c. &c."

being a genuine description of some noisy speech-making Demagogues, and the late low, illiterate Democracy, does credit to the Author's candour and discrimination.

The Correspondent who sent us the History of the Horse in England, will perceive we have paid the earliest attention to his favours, and we shall be happy in their continuation.

Ludicrous Innovations in Sign painting, transmitted from our old friend A. B. at Stambourn, in our next.——His Poetical favour upon the *Season in September*, is to be found in page 55 of the present number.

We are much obliged to VERITAS, for the *Portrait of Penury*, which he has copied for us in Leicestershire; see page 7.—From what we have seen and known, we can scarcely imagine that his colouring is too high.

E. Tomson of Nottingham. del.

Sir Solomon.

Published Nov. 1. 1801, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE,

FOR OCTOBER, 1801.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE I.

SIR SOLOMON.

[An Engraving.]

A Beautiful engraving of this horse is given in the present number, from a drawing by Mr. Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham, to which gentleman, we beg to express our thanks for his favour.

Sir Solomon was got by Sir Peter, dam by Florizel, out of an own sister to the dam of Rockingham.— The particulars of his race with Cockfighter, &c. &c. are to be found in our last Magazine, page 283.

RACES AGAINST TIME.

SIR Solomon and Cockfighter, are said to have run their match at Doncaster in seven minutes and eleven seconds; Hambletonian and Diamond run their's at Newmarket, which exceeded in distance nearly half-a-mile, in seven minutes and fifteen seconds; apparently a much greater performance; though it should be considered, that the Beacon Course at Newmarket is nearly straight, and at Doncaster, they have to run round a course twice over, which doubtless impedes a horse's speed; and, in addition to this, Cockfighter and Sir Solomon carried 4lb. more than Hambletonian, and 7lb more than Diamond.

The effect of so much additional weight is well known to sportsmen; so that, taking all the circumstances into the account, it is no easy matter to say which ought to stand foremost.

We are enemies to races against time, but cannot help regretting the want of more accurate accounts of the time in which the most celebrated horses have run (against other horses) the distance of four miles, from Childers down to the present time, a period of eighty years, during which, great attention has been paid to the breed of horses in this country. A knowledge of this, might enable us to judge whether the breed had improved or degenerated.

Eclipse was so very superior to every horse of his day, that, to have minuted him in any of his public races, would have given a very inadequate idea of his utmost speed. We have never heard that it was done either in his public or private trials, and should be much obliged to any Sporting correspondent, who could favour us with well-authenticated information on that head.

Many are of opinion that he was equal, if not superior, to Childers, to run four miles, and carry twelve stone.

General Court-Martial.

CHALLENGE.

THE following Letter from the Judge Advocate General to the Commander in Chief has, by the direction of his Royal Highness, lately been circulated throughout the army:—

Judge Advocate General's Office.

"SIR,

"Having had the honour of submitting to his Majesty the proceedings of a General Court Martial, lately held at the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, upon the trial of Major Henry Brown, and Lieut. D. John Mahoney, of the 14th (or Duchess of York's own) Regiment of Light Dragoons, the charges against whom respectively, together with the determination of the Court upon each, are recited in the announced schedule—

"I have to acquaint your Royal Highness, that his Majesty has approved the opinion of the Court-Martial, whereby both the said Major Brown and Lieutenant Mahoney, have been *honourably* acquitted; but inasmuch as the decision, not accompanied with any explanation, might seem to countenance a surmise that the Commanding Officer, Lieut. Col. Mitchell, had preferred a charge absolutely destitute of foundation, his Majesty has commanded me to subjoin the following statement of facts, which have been collected from the evidence, namely,—

"That the misunderstanding between Major Brown and Cornet Richardson, which has given occasion to their trial, originated in an indecent allusion made by the latter to some former business, in a way that led Major Brown to think an apology necessary, which there is reason to believe would not have been refused, if sought by a temperate remonstrance; but instead of trying that measure, Major Brown sent a message by another Officer, plainly demanding either an apology or satisfaction; the import of which message was obvious, and such as Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell, on its being reported to him as Commanding Officer, naturally considered as an eventual challenge, and meditating against the *spirit*, at least, of the Articles of War, which prohibit duelling, and was thereby fully warranted, in the first instance, to put Major Brown under an arrest.

"His Majesty was pleased to express satisfaction on perceiving from the evidence that an amicable accommodation had afterwards taken place between Major Brown and Cornet Richardson; and to direct that it be recommended and enjoined, in his Majesty's name, that the conciliation be made complete by Lieut. Col. Mitchell, and Major Brown and Lieut. Mahoney, consigning to oblivion whatever may have passed in the course of their trials, and join their mutual endeavours to establish and perpetuate harmony in the regiment. I have the honour to be, with dutiful respect, your Royal Highness's most obedient, and most humble servant,

"CHARLES MORGAN."

Duke of York, Field Marshal, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Forces.

Copy of the Charges exhibited by Lieut. Col. John Mitchell, Commanding Officer of the 14th (or the Duchess of York's own) Regiment of Light Dragoons, against Major Henry Brown, of the same Regiment, at a General Court Martial, held in the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, together with the opinion of the said Court Martial.

1st. Conduct

1st. Conduct in the Barracks of Romford on the evening of the 21st of July, 1801, highly unbecoming the character of an Officer, and highly prejudicial to military discipline, and in direct violation of the second Article of the seventh Section of the Articles of War, by sending a challenge to Cornet Alborough Richardson, a youth of seventeen years of age, who had joined the regiment but six weeks, and who was, at the time of receiving the challenge, the Officer of the regimental guard.

2nd. Contemptuous and disrespectful conduct towards the Commanding Officer of the Regiment, in sending the said challenge to Cornet Richardson, after having received a reprimand from him, the Commanding Officer of the Regiment, only three days prior to the said challenge, for having offered to wave his superiority of rank, in order to receive a challenge from Mr. Young, an Assistant Surgeon of the Regiment.

OPINION AND SENTENCE.

The Court having duly weighed the evidence given in support of the prosecution against the prisoner, Major Brown, of the 14th (or Duchess of York's own) Regiment of Light Dragoons, with that which has been adduced by him in his defence, are of opinion that he is *Not Guilty* of either of the charges preferred against him.

Copy of the Charges exhibited by Lieut. Colonel John Mitchell, Commanding Officer of the 14th, (or Duchess of York's own) Regiment of Light Dragoons, against Lieutenant D. John Mahoney, of the same Regiment, at a General Court Martial, held in the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, together with the Opinion of the said Court-Martial.

Conduct highly unbecoming, in having, in direct violation of the third Article of the second Section of the Articles of War, carried a challenge from Major Brown, of the 14th Light Dragoons, to Cornet Richardson, of the same Regiment, on the evening of the 21st of July, 1801, at that time the Officer of the Guard, and delivering the said challenge to Cornet Richardson, at the Stable-house, at seven in the evening, whilst he, Cornet Richardson, was going round the stables, in execution of his duty as Officer of the regimental guard, although he, Lieut. Mahoney, was present on the parade, only three days preceding, when the Commanding Officer reprimanded Major Brown for similar conduct.

OPINION OF THE COURT.

The Court having weighed the evidence given in support of the prosecution against the prisoner, Lieutenant D. John Mahoney, of the 14th (or Duchess of York's own) Regiment of Light Dragoons, with that which has been adduced by him in his defence, are of opinion that he is *Not Guilty* of the charge preferred against him, and doth therefore honourably acquit him.

[Answer to the Yorkshire Challenge, relative to the South Country Greyhounds. See page 287, of our last Number.]

FROM THE YORK HERALD.

South Country Greyhounds against Yorkshire Ones.

"SIR,

A Letter having appeared in the Morning Herald Newspaper, of London, dated the 16th of September last, under the signature of OLD SOHO, asserting the superi-

ority of the South Country Greyhounds over those of Yorkshire, and offering a match; I beg leave to inform that gentleman his wishes shall be complied with. A Yorkshire Gentleman will produce a leash of greyhounds, *bona fide* his own property, to start against the same number, the property of Old Soho, with the same restrictions; or he will bring into the field six brace, County against County, to be run over Flixton Wolds, in February next, 1802. Flixton Wolds are named, because whatever difference of opinion there may be about dogs of different counties, there can be no dispute about the excellence of the hares and the ground: for in no other part of England, but there, was there ever seen a hare who could beat, for four miles over turf, two of the best greyhounds that could be produced.

If, therefore, there is any gentleman who chooses to come forward with his South Country Greyhounds, he has only to notify his acceptance of this challenge to Mr. Bartholoman, the Printer of the Herald, at York; or to Mr. Pick, the Publisher of the Sportsman's Vade Mecum, at York; who will convey to the writer of this, the wishes of Old Soho, or any of his friends on the subject.

A YORKSHIREMAN."

P. S. Had the letter of Old Soho been sooner seen, it would have been sooner noticed.

"*October* 15, 1801."

Yorkshire Sporting.

THE Malton Coursing Meeting, if the weather proves favourable, is expected to begin on Monday, November 2. The odds, in the match betwixt Dent and Suwarrow, are said to be 6 to 4 in favour of Dent.

At the last Malton Races, a match was run betwixt two hunters, which could arrive at a given point in the shortest time. They went the distance (four miles) in less than fifteen minutes, and took one hundred leaps in their way as they crossed the country. Mr. Teasdale was the winner; Mr. Darley the loser; on whom the odds were at starting.

Wiltshire Sporting.

SALISBURY, OCT. 26, 1801.

ON Monday last, as some gentlemen of Warminster were beating with their harriers near Upton, they roused a stag in an inclosure under the down: he went off in a capital style, and boldly mounted the hill, the hounds receiving him, and following close at his haunches. At the top of the hill he soon broke view, taking a circuit of about ten miles on the down to the right, then away to the left, to Westbury White Horse: from thence he ran down the hill, over the bottom, to the back of Westbury, where he stuck to the inclosures for some time. The dogs now pressing him very hard, he pushed to Heywood, and turning to the left, crossed the Trowbridge road, and on to Penleigh: he then turned back, recrossed the road, and took to the inclosures near Heywood House, where the dogs ran into him, met him handsomely, and killed him, after an uncommon severe chase of three hours and twenty minutes.

Sussex Sporting.

BRIGHTON, OCT. 27, 1801.

THE Prince's harriers, attended by a field of nearly fifty horsemen, *threw off*, on Saturday morning,

ing, near Shoreham. They had killed a brace of hares by ten o'clock; and, as they were *trailing* near the Devil's Dyke, a shepherd's boy came up, and communicated the welcome information that he could shew them Puss *sitting*. *The cap* being carried round, a very handsome collection was made for the youthful *Pan*; and the hare being *put up*, and allowed a few minutes *law*—"*Hark forward!*" was given by the huntsmen, and away they dashed: forty minutes they ran without *check*, crossing four tremendously steep hills, and *killed* by fair and gallant running.—Very few sportsmen were *in at the death*, as the hills were so steep it was impossible to *ride up to the hounds*.

A Leicestershire Miser.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I Think you will not judge the following account of a miser, now living in Leicestershire, less worthy of insertion in the Sporting Magazine, than the lives of either Elwes or Dancer.

He is descended from the younger branch of a noble family, being nearly related to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Spencer, and several others of the nobility. However, he has for many years lived in obscurity in Leicestershire, where his character is chiefly known to those who reside near, or upon the spot.

He was born sometime about the year 1718-9, at the small village in which he now lives; consequently, he is now upwards of eighty years of age. I forbear to mention his name, for many and strong reasons;—suffice it to say, that his father, was a respectable person, possessed of a small estate, which he enjoyed with credit during his life-time, and at his death, transmitted to his son, the subject of this memoir.

Soon after he came into possession of his fortune, avarice took possession of his soul. He did not, however, at first, as he has done since, deny himself the common necessaries of life.

As the story goes, he one night dreamed that he died for want; and that from that time, he has continued to hoard up large sums of money, to the end, that his dream may never be fulfilled.

He lives in a small hut, the roof of which is not sufficient to shelter him from the inclemency of winter. This however, with many other hardships, he patiently endures. His chief diet is crusts of bread, and sage tea of which he professes to be remarkably fond. I cannot here omit mentioning a curious anecdote of him, which happened in the depth of the winter of 1798: being obliged to go to Leicester, to sign some leases respecting his estate, he undertook the journey on foot, and in the morning provided himself with some dry bread, all he deemed necessary to support him that day. He arrived safe at Leicester, where the business was transacted. At four o'clock in the afternoon he set out for home, which was fifteen miles distant; he however made his way through the snow till he was within three miles of home, when he was benighted in the midst of a large open field; in this situation, he wandered about until morning, when, almost lifeless through the severity of the frost, he beheld a village at a short distance, soon got to it, and being admitted into the house of a poor cottager, warmed himself for some

minutes

minutes at the fire. Being asked what he would have to refresh him, he replied some sage tea; having procured this, he departed in peace to his own residence, without bestowing a sixpence upon his poor host.—He is Lord of the Manor of several lordships; he owns one parish entirely; consequently, it is incumbent upon him alone to keep the roads in repair; but as they have generally been very wretchedly out of order, they have been indicted:—this grieved him to the heart; however, he would not suffer any labourer to be sent to mend them; saying, that "he had as good a pair of hands as any of them," which indeed proved so, as he not only by incessant labour, picked in all the ruts, but also with his own hands, removed stones from a road in the neighbouring lordship. He has upwards of fifty hay-stacks, which are most of them nearly spoilt.—He has timber in abundance cut down, and now rotting on the ground; in short, were I nor confined, I could give you a thousand other ridiculous anecdotes of him. These, I assure you, are all true; and hope you will not refuse them admittance in the Sporting Magazine.

Your's, &c.

VERITAS.

October 24, 1801.

Bottom.

[In our last Magazine, we gave an Engraving of *the Gentleman and Bull-Dog*; since which, we have received the following particulars:]

BOTTOM, (of the English Bull breed) having borne away the laurels in all the battles he had fought, with dogs of his own kind, and had made the stately bull, and shaggy bear humble themselves before him, was at length brought to the field to dispute it with a man, who was to be stripped to the waist, and was to keep him off with his fists; poor Bottom was to be muzzled; when he was let loose, the odds were in favour of the man, as the dog seemed rather shy; but being encouraged by his master, and grinned at by his antagonist, he made a most furious onset, in which he came off victorious by knocking down his opponent; and though muzzled, fastened on the lower part of his stomach, from whence he could not be removed until he had sucked, so that the man's entrails were visible; when the challenger became sensible, he gave in, acknowledging the superior address of the victor.

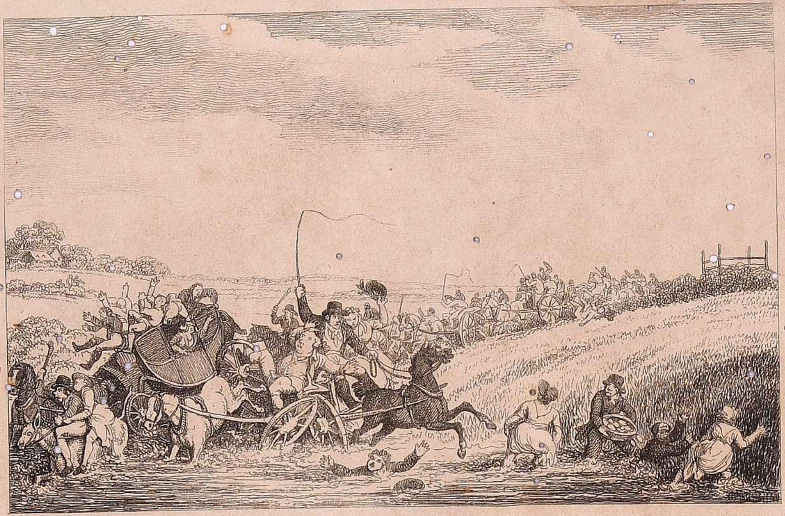
He was then the property of Mr. Simpson of Kennington.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE II.

Return from the Fight.

[An Etching from the design of an eminent artist, by Mr Howitt.]

AN account of the intended battle, at Enfield Wash, is mentioned in another part of this Magazine.—This design originated from the following part of the description of that transaction:—"Had "the Edmonton Volunteers, &c. "made the attempt to prevent the "battle, they would have met with "much inconvenience, as the stage "was so difficult of access, from its "situation, that before it could be "approached, it was necessary to "ford the river, which could not be "done without danger, yet many "horsemen, as well as others in "chaises, attempted it with success, "but one horse was drowned. Se- "veral riders were plunged into the "water, but escaped with a good "ducking, after affording great "amusement to the spectators."



Returning from the intended Fight, Octr 12. 1801.

Published Nov. 1. 1801, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

Anecdotes of the late Dr. Monsey.

[*Continued from page* 304, *in last Vol.*]

Dr Monsey was now to retire from St. James's, adjoining to which Lord Godolphin lived, and to quit the splendour, equipage, and retinue of a Peer, with an agreeable circle of London friends, for a solitary apartment at Chelsea, his plate at the hall table, his time-piece, and his old woman.

It now became necessary for him to call forth the fruitful resources of his own mind, to fill up the tedious intervals of a life which had hitherto been completely occupied by the interesting offices of friendship, by science, and by amusement.

In this nice point, so productive of crimes or of follies in us all, he, in a great measure, succeeded, without giving way to irrational excess, by correspondence in which, in a manner peculiar to himself, he excelled, by his profession, mechanics, books, whist, and backgammon.

The situation and change of circumstance undoubtedly required a wonderful exertion of temper; nor ought we to be surprised if it was injured in the painful effort.

An alteration was observed; the strong features of genius and sterling sense, the attic wit, happy allusion, and well-timed anecdote, were mellowed and improved on the canvas; but the gentle tints, the delicate colouring, the morbidezza of refined manners, produced by the attrition of elegant society, were found to be gradually impaired: he possessed, in high perfection, the *fortiter in re*, but neglected or despised the *leviter in modo*.

Yet an instance occurred, after he had passed his eightieth year, in which he usefully reproved a friend, without gratifying his satirical talent.

No one who pretended to understand Monsey's character, can forget that it was impossible for folly or affectation to pass in his company undiscovered, and very seldom unpunished.

A young popular clergyman, of a good heart and sound understanding, was infected with a solemn theatric mode of speaking at times, accompanied with a mincing, finical gesture, bordering on the coxcomb.—This foible did not escape the eye of his friend, who knew his worth, and would not hurt his feelings; the Doctor therefore took an opportunity, when they were alone, to censure him, and agreed, whenever he saw the "affectio dramatica" (as he called it) coming on, as a signal, always to offer him his snuff box, with two smart raps, to prevent his lapsing into such an erroneous habit. The gentleman speaks of it to this day with gratitude. A visible improvement in his deportment took place, and Monsey was very probably instrumental in his procuring, what I wish him long to enjoy, preferment, and a wife with a good fortune.

When the Doctor removed to Chelsea, he found Mr. Ranby, the Surgeon, there, a man of strong passions, harsh voice, and inelegant manners. King George the Second, with whom he was a great favourite, had appointed him to Chelsea Hospital, and from the humble capacity in which he is said to have served him in another way, the old and oft-repeated story originated, of "Fat, fair, and forty *."

The interesting chat which novelty of acquaintance often produces

* He was said to have the honour of occasionally introducing a good-natured lady to the old King.

duces, at first appeared like intimacy between the Surgeon and Physician; but this gradually declined into indifference, coldness, disgust, and at last, on Ranby's side, into personal outrage.

Ever since the establishment of the Hospital, it has been the business of the Physician to overlook the Surgeon's bill, and if he saw no reason to disapprove it, to sign his name as a passport for it through the offices.

A bill occurred which the Doctor thought objectionable, and was said by many to have reasonable grounds for his objections: he refused his signature. This Ranby considered as a reproach on his moral character, and as an insult: mutual ill language took place, and the angry Surgeon concluded by swearing he would be the death of his opponent if he persisted in refusing to sign the account.

I believe, but am not certain, that Ranby, on this occasion, was obliged to give surety for keeping the peace. I know the Doctor consulted the late Lord Chief Justice De Grey (afterwards Lord Walsingham) on the subject, and I heard his Lordship recommend peace to Monsey. "and, if Ranby repeats his violence, leave *me* to manage him," were his concluding words. The dread of a Chief Justice's warrant kept the lion a little quiet.

Lord Chesterfield told Dr. Monsey he had right* on his side, but that Ranby's connections and influence would carry him through it: his Lordship was not mistaken—the Board to whom Monsey referred the affair dropped it, and the bill was paid.

This affair Ranby † never forgave; and a few years after he died from the effects of a violent fit of passion, occasioned by the late Sir John Fielding not *punishing* an hackney coachman who happened to be the *injured* party.

In the dispute between Monsey and Ranby concerning the bill, a melancholy instance of profusion in the disposal of the public money occurred.

At the Hospital for decayed seamen at Greenwich, more than twelve hundred persons were provided with advice, physic, and surgery, for something less than four hundred and fifty pounds a year—a trifling sum, however fully adequate to the purpose, when compared to the medical and surgical department at Chelsea.

In the College at that place it was found, that Government was at the enormous expence of more than two thousand four hundred pounds a year*, besides providing houses, furniture, a table, coals, and candle.

When the late Duke of Newcastle appointed Mr. Graham, senior, to this post as Apothecary, he might probably find it convenient to get rid of a long apothecary's bill of many years standing, to the amount of a thousand pounds; but surely Mr. Pitt or Mr. Grenville have no purposes to answer in tolerating so wanton a waste of the public money; and as a vacancy in the Surgeon's appointment cannot be far remote, a *fixed salary*, without a contingent bill, should be ordered by the Board, without injury to the present possessors.

It ought to have been premised that Cheselden was Surgeon when

* A Great Personage was of the same opinion.

† Ranby was the only man I ever heard coolly defend the use of laudanum in effecting his designs on women, which he confessed he had practised *with success*.

* I speak on an average of the last fourteen years.

Dr.

Dr. Monsey was first *appointed* to the Hospital: he *resided* not till many years after; during which time Mr. Cheselden died, and Ranby was appointed to succeed him.—Cheselden treated him with great attention and civility; but was more flattered by having the mechanism of his chariot, and the splendour of his equipage admired, than by being told, which was really the case, that he was the first Surgeon in Europe.—Pope, whom the Doctor often saw at his friend's house, found out this secret, and profited from it: by introducing his name into his epistles, and humouring this blameless foible, the house, carriage, and servants of Cheselden were always at the Poet's disposal.

I have often heard the Doctor mention an extraordinary opinion of Mrs. Cheselden, who was a sensible, but by no means a handsome, woman; and, if I mistake not, the daughter of Mr. Knight, the cashier, in the unfortunate South Sea Bubble.

This singularity related to the excessive severity of the criminal code of laws, as it extended to unnatural gratifications *: it did not amount to a defence of these abominable practices; but she thought if men had so bad a taste, and were so absurd as to seek amusement so much out of the way, that they should be considered as fools and madmen; but that taking away their lives was making the punishment greater than the crime, and unjust—an idea so odd, so inimical to female sway, to drop from a woman, is so rare a phænomenon, that I could not help (however I may be blamed) recording it.

As age, with its additional cares, came on, an asperity of manners and a neglect of decorum was observed in Monsey: it became the fashion for the young, the delicate, and the gay, to exclaim against him as an interrupter of established forms, and as a breaker of those various and minute rules which, however trifling they may appear to the Sage and the Philosopher, contribute essentially to the ease and comfort of modern life.

The character which usually passes under the denomination of an oddity, has been defined as a man who sacrifices the good opinion of others to his own whim and *conveniency*.

Nor can our Friend be wholly exculpated from these charges. In his intercourse with mankind, he met with so many trifling and worthless characters, that he was apt to suspect that what *such persons* so much valued was beneath *his* attention; but idle, fantastic, vain women, and men like women, always excited in him the most violent emotions of anger and contempt.

He was acquainted with a clergyman of this class, a *near* neighbour, remarkable for puerile and silly behaviour, and very much in the habit of contradicting the Doctor, without learning, or even a single idea to support his arguments. —"If you have any faith in your opinion, will you venture a small wager on it?"—"I cou'd, but I won't," was the answer.—"Then you have very little wit, or very little money," said Monsey.

******* ****, more famous for his wheel-barrow amours with the cast-off mistress of a Royal Duke, and the marked contempt of his wife, who found solace in the arms of the fortunate Irishman, than his military achievements, contributed very much to render the Doctor's situation uncomfortable. It was owing to the following circumstance:

* Cum hominibus aut feris.

This hoary veteran, who pretends to reform now he is no longer able to sin, was, in a very illiberal manner, abusing a friend of the Doctor's, in his absence, as a coward and a debauchee, and the Doctor for defending him. He instantly silenced the formal but empty prater by these words: —"You have little right to abuse him for gallantry, for you attempted to debauch his mother; and as to his courage, he did not stay at home whoring and drinking, and get his bones broke in a fray under the Piazza, while his regiment was cut to pieces in Germany, and then hurry over thither time enough to hear peace proclaimed, bring home infirmities produced by vice, and boast of them as the consequence of wounds received in the service of his country."

It was Monsey's misfortune to launch into the boundless ocean of metaphysics, where so many adventurers wander without rudder, sail, or compass. His voyage produced the usual return of doubt, uncertainty, and disappointment. To those who are infatuated enough to sacrifice their time and attention to such a wild and unprofitable study, I think it my duty to observe, that in the intervals of cool reflection, he confessed a great part of the unhappiness of his life originated from these unavailing perplexities.

As to religion, after long study and much reading, he was a staunch and rational supporter of the Unitarian doctrine, and early imbibed an unconquerable aversion to bishops and establishments, to creeds, and to tests; but when the "Blasphemous Athanasian doctrine" (as he called it) was mentioned, he burst into the most vehement expressions of abhorrence and disgust.

During his abode at Lord Godolphin's, he was riding in Hyde Park with a Mr. Robinson, a well-meaning man, who was lamenting the deplorable state of the times, and concluded his harangue with saying, "and, Doctor, I talk with people who believe there is *no* God;"—"And I, Mr. Robinson, talk with people who believe there are *three*."—The frightened Trinitarian immediately set spurs to his horse, and would never after speak to the author of so prophane a reply.

It has been said that Dean Swift was Monsey's model; and as far as ruling the company and guiding the conversation of those with whom he associated, there *was* a resemblance. In this department they were both rather tyrannical; for he who seldom meets with his equal either in parts or power in *any*, is too apt to expect deference and submission from *all*.

Another axiom of Monsey's brings to our minds a similar, but unfortunate, taste in Swift—

Medico & philosopho nihil indecens,

The Author of the Ladies' Dressing Room, and a man * who produced an almond which he boasted had travelled four times down his throat, could neither of them be *very nice*, though, according to a doctrine of the Dean's, they both abounded in *nasty ideas*.

But Swift, the patriot of Ireland, the lover of laughter, the genius, and the poet, wit was a rank churchman, with all the mitred notions of a high priest, hierarchy and prerogative; and, except where temporary popularity led for the moment, was a stickler for the infamous Sacheverell, a Tory, with all the narrow bigotry of the party, an enemy to the civil and religious liberties of mankind.

* This the Doctor has frequently exhibited.

Swift's

Swift's religious intolerancy I shall not try to prove: he defended it publicly with his pen, and complimented Archbishop (I was going to say Arch-zealot) King for his furious prosecutions in the ecclesiastical, and other Courts, for speculative errors in doctrine. His passion for invading the liberty of the press, which he grossly abused himself, bursts out frequently in his letters, which I quote from memory. In one, he says, he has laid one of his antagonists by the heels at a messenger's; and for another, he has long had a *sharp knife* and a pillory ready for his ears.

I thank God such language, or such treatment, would not be suffered in the present day; and in a man who abounded in wit and poignant invective, it was mean and ungenerous; it savoured of the *argumentum baculinum*, or club law.

I always think the following line very applicable to Swift, whether basking in the warm sunshine of Harley's favour, or wielding a despotic sceptre at the head of the chapter of St. Patrick:—

"Dat Deus immiti cornua curta bovi."

There are too well-written letters which strongly mark the Dean's character—they are in his works; but, after a twenty years absence from the book, I cannot point the page. The first is to the abovementioned Dr. King, who, at the Hanoverian accession, turned his back on, and tried to oppress, his old friend: the other is addressed to a Lord Palmerston, a descendant, I think, of Sir William Temple's. He tells his Lordship, that his character has not *bulk* enough to be worth *crushing*, and that he owes his safety to his *insignificance*.

Swift undoubtedly had a thousand faults, but he possessed ten thousand good qualities; and I take this public opportunity, having no other, of *wholly* dissenting from the ingenious Mr. Hayley's theory, which, without one good argument, but with much plausibility, he aims against the Dean in his Triumphs of Temper.

[*To be continued.*]

Extract from the Journal of a City Tippy.

ROSE at eleven, and called at the Counting-house — Old Humbug had been there, and Dick said he looked out of humour.

No money—borrowed some of Dick for my breakfast at the Coffee-house.—*Mem.* Dick is a useful lad—raw from the country, industrious in my absence, and thinks himself honoured by my borrowing his money,—Pity I can't bring him to tell a few lies for me.

Twelve o'clock—went to business again—office hours intolerably tedious and oppressive—ought to be looked into—read the Sporting Magazine till one—books out of order—but too late now to set them right—Dick promised to do them for me in the evening.

One o'clock—went out about some bills—collected cash—felt the comfort of being trusted.

Two o'clock—met Tom Dash—proposed a game at billiards, for the table only—I play better than Tom—was provoked to stake—d—d irregular table—could not make a hazard—lost ten guineas.

Three o'clock—returned to the office—the Old One out—determined to dine well, and wash down my loss in a glass of punch.—*Mem.*—the ten guineas lost with Tom make this week's account worse than the last, and to-morrow settling day—dined excellently off a turbot, and *et cetera* sauce.

Six o'clock—*groggy*—won't go to business any more to day—took a strole

a strole—dropped in at Tom's—played a little—excellent luck—won two gammons and a hit, of the little angry oil-man—had the winnings in wine—bet upon another person's play, and lost five guineas—almost suspect it was a *do.*

Ten o'clock—went to the club—Jack Rory in the chair—monstrous merry.

One o'clock—proposed to *roll it* round the garden—did so—lost my company at the corner of James-street, and went to the Talbot by way of *gig*, with a black girl.

In the morning, ten o'clock—my *goddess of ebony* off—the remaining cash for old Square's bills off also—out of luck—think it adviseable to be off myself—resolved, no—not till I have made a better bargain—more money to collect to-day—and no account to be given in till night.—*Mem.*—To look out for a coach that sets out early in the afternoon—post-chaises suspicious.

Poney Race—An Error in the Newspapers Corrected—Letter on the Cruelty of such Races.

At Harlow Bush Fair, a poney, about twelve hands high, was engaged for a wager, to run one hundred miles in twelve hours.—The little animal went sixty miles in six hours, but at the eightieth mile it broke its heart, and fell down dead.—*Note.* Had the owner's *neck* as well as *heart* been broken at the same time, there would have been few to pity so cruel a master.

The Poney engaged to run one hundred miles in twelve hours but which went only eighty, is not dead as reported in our last. A friend of the owner, says,

"The poney started early in the morning of the 8th instant, carrying a lad of light weight, and performed the sixty miles in *five hours and a half*; but, about the eightieth mile, his strength being exhausted, probably from the impropriety of running him too fast at the commencement, the owner relinquished his pursuit, and the poney was led home; where, by *rest*, he recovered his strength, and carried his owner to Harlow Bush Fair, the second day, Sept. 10."

The author of the above correction, affects not to understand the meaning of our note, attached to the foregoing article.—We shall no other way explain it, than by saying, that there is great cruelty in the attempt to run a free-hearted little animal such an enormous distance in so short a period.

MR. EDITOR,

It has been suggested in some of the Papers, that the Magistrates of the County should punish the wretches who lately ran a beautiful little poney till its heart burst.

I know not whether the present laws enable them to do so: but this is certain, that there should be some law to punish severely, and thus, at last, to prevent such dreadful abuses of kind and generous animals, given to us for useful purposes, and capable of all that they are given for, without one cruel expedient. What leads me particularly to notice this instance of barbarity is, perhaps, that it reminds me of another towards a similar little animal, which I well knew. A beautiful little poney, which almost daily eat out of the hand of its master, and had obeyed him through many a wonderful toil, was at last condemned, by its cruel owner, to such a wager as that we are now lamenting. It began with its usual alacrity; went twenty or thirty miles, and then flagged; after a little

rest, began chearfully again, and went twenty miles further; then flagged and was revived, and flagged again, and became absolutely unable to proceed, when one wretch, out of several villainous betters upon it, struck the little animal with a spiked stick, and in the exertion thus produced it fell. It is wonderful, but true, that when on the ground it cried with a noise very much resembling human weeping, and did not die for several hours after, the heart not having burst, but the fat being melted off the kidneys, so that they had worked raw against each other.

I anticipate the disgust of your readers against the narrative, as well as the transaction, and certainly would not force it upon them, if it were not useful to tell what are the sufferings of an abused animal, who cannot reproach its tormentor. Now, Sir, I would propose, not only that there should be a law to punish such cruelty, but that there should be an universal consent to execrate and abhor the perpetrators of it, in the same way as to execrate those who are guilty of other horrid crimes, whether the law reaches them, or not. Let their names be always published, and, if it be possible that they stand in the rank of gentlemen, let them be totally cut off from the society and notice of their equals. If they are in an inferior class, let no man employ them, or have dealings with them. Every true sportsman and lover of the turf knows that the stipulated performances of our race courses are fully sufficient for a fair trial of any horse's powers, and will join me in this proscription of such wretches.

It is obviously criminal also to bet *against* such exertions; for if none opposed them, they would not be attempted. Those who do so, are perhaps not fully aware of their own cruelty; but it is in fact, only next in degree to that of the original stimulators, and deserves to be severely reprobated. Your's,

A SPORTSMAN.

The LIFE, ADVENTURES, *and* OPINIONS, *of* COL. GEORGE HANGER.

[*Continued from page 294, in last Vol.*]

Interesting particulars relative to Colonel George Hanger when in America; being a Continuation of his Life and Adventures.

IN about three months after I was appointed a captain in the Hessian Yager corps; and in the middle of the ensuing month of March, I sailed from Portsmouth for America.—Reader, be not alarmed! I am not going to fight over again the American war; it is as much forgotten as the Trojan war, and the recital of the one would be full as interesting to the public as the other. It is, however, my intention to relate some incidents relative to myself, which, in the history of my life, are necessary to be mentioned.

I had not been arrived above two months in America, when I received a letter from my mother, (the best and kindest of parents,) informing me that Mr. Wyatt, soon after my departure, and before he could parcel out my estate, had been seized with a paralytic stroke, which, she was fearful, would shortly prove fatal to him. She informed me at the same time, that the mortgagee was endeavouring to foreclose the mortgage on my estate, and to sell it. She also sent me a fresh power of attorney for me to execute, to empower her, and some friend jointly with her, to transact my affairs, as she was fearful my worthy friend, Mr. Wyatt,

all, would never be well enough to act for me. This fresh power of attorney I forwarded by the first packet to England, to my mother. In the mean time, my worthy friend Wyatt, recovering a little from the effects of the paralytic stroke, neglected not, the moment he was able to go down to my estate, to arrange every thing for sale; but a second visitation of his disease put an end to his valuable life.

During the interval between his death and the arrival of the fresh powers of attorney from America, for my mother and her friend to act for me, which, in passing and repassing, took up some months, the mortgagee foreclosed the mortgage, and all that my mother could do was in vain, for my estate was sold before a Master in Chancery, at public auction, for little more than half its real value.

The reader will be pleased to remark, that the very circumstance which rendered me happy and satisfied on my leaving England, by having placed my affairs in so worthy and able a friend's hands, proved my ruin, from my want of caution in not putting the name of some other person jointly in the power of attorney I gave to Mr. Wyatt: had I so done, as I have been informed, from the best authority, it would not have been practicable to have foreclosed the mortgage; but I never dreamed of Mr. Wyatt being struck with a fit of apoplexy; for he was a hale, hearty man, and by no means advanced in years, though he was of a corpulent habit. Some months afterwards, the common process of law having taken its course, my estate was sold, as I have already mentioned.

It is also necessary to relate, that, in the intermediate time, and previous to the sale, war with France and Spain was declared, in addition to that wherein we were engaged with America, which was the occasion of land falling above one-third in value. In short, my estate was sold for sixteen thousand and some few hundred pounds; though, if I could have kept it till the peace, it would have fetched between twenty and thirty thousand.

In addition to this piece of good news, my kind mother informed me, that some outstanding debts, amounting to several hundred pounds, remained unpaid, notwithstanding the security Mr. Wyatt had given for me; and that executions had been introduced into my house, after his death, from the great deficiency of the sale of the estate. Thus I at once found myself several hundreds worse than nothing, instead of not owing a shilling, and having eight or ten thousand pounds in hand, as Mr. Wyatt assured me, and which he certainly would have accomplished, had not the French war broke out, or a legal compulsion forced me to sell my estate during that period.

I now, indeed, and in truth, became a soldier of fortune, for I was stripped and plundered of every thing, and, which was worse, left encumbered with debts.

After serving in the first campaign in the Hessian Yagers, my old and worthy friend, Sir Henry Clinton, requested the Commander in Chief of the Hessian troops to give me, in addition to my Yager company, the command of two hundred men selected from the Hessian regiments, which he was so kind as to comply with; and, in addition to that request, he permitted a certain number of men from every Hessian regiment to turn out volunteers. As soldiers, who have been confined to the regular duty of a battalion in the line, are ever desirous of serving with light troops at the out-post, it

may

may be easily imagined that these men were the *elite* of the Hessian infantry. This favour was much approved of by my commanding officer, Colonel De Wurmbe, as it not only increased his command, but strengthened it by the addition of a body of men with bayonets, who might, by night, be employed to greater effect than the Yagers, who had no bayonets, and were armed only with rifle-guns. A further and most singular favour was granted me on this occasion. If any man behaved ill, or of whose conduct I disapproved, I was permitted to send him back to the regiment to which he belonged, and to have another sent to replace him. This was productive of such good order, that, during three campaigns, I never was under the disagreeable necessity of punishing any one of them, further than by a few day's confinement.—With the additional command to my Yager company I continued to serve until the great expedition to the southward was undertaken by Sir Henry Clinton, to accomplish the reduction of North and South Carolina, of which I shall make mention in proper time; but, prior to that, I must advert to incidents in which I was personally and most materially concerned.

Shortly after the arrival of Lord Carlisle, Mr. Eden, and Governor Johnson, at New York, they published a proclamation, in the name of the King, addressed to his Majesty's revolted subjects, and the different United States. It was judged proper, for form's sake, that the Commander in Chief should forward this proclamation by land, from the out-posts of the army to Congress; and that the Admiral should dispatch a vessel with the same to Philadelphia. This proclamation was sent to the out-post of the Yager corps, to my commanding officer, Col. De Wurmbe, with orders to him to forward them by a flag of truce to the most contiguous advanced post of the American army.

I was the only Englishman in that corps: my friend Colonel De Wurmbe, therefore, requested me as a favour (it not being my turn for duty) to go out with these proclamations, and assigned as his reason for desiring me to undertake this business, that, as the other officers did not understand the English language, some mistake might take place from their not being able to explain matters, and converse with the American officers. Col. De Wurmbe certainly could have commanded me on this service; but to comply with a request, or even a hint from him, was but a small tribute of gratitude for me to pay to so good and amiable a man, as well as so kind a friend. It was, therefore, with the greater pleasure that I undertook this duty; but not without foreseeing the disagreeable consequences attendant on it, by which I might have lost my life, and in the most unpleasant manner for a soldier and a gentleman.

I was perfectly aware of the temper of the Americans at that period, elated as they were by the succours which *their great and good ally* had already sent, and promised still to send them*. A French fleet being off the coast, some French troops having been already landed and marching to join General Washington's army, and others coming from the West Indies, it was most natural to imagine that they would reject all proposals from the British Government, not only with scorn, but contempt. I

* Count D'Estaign had blocked up New York harbour for some time, and was then gone for Rhode Island.

therefore, told Col. De Wurmbe, on my taking leave, that I would endeavour to stay as short a time at the American out-post as possible, merely to demand a receipt, and push back with all expedition; for I was confident, if I remained a sufficient time for them to deliberate, that I should be stopped and made a prisoner. The event proved the truth of my conjectures.

I must here observe, that the trumpeter and mounted Yager that went with me, carried several hundred printed copies of this proclamation for me to distribute, as I went along, at the countrymen's houses, and in the towns through which I passed. In Ferry-town, situated fourteen miles from our out-posts, I distributed some hundreds. About three or four miles farther, beyond Ferry-town, I fell in with a patrole of light dragoons, who carried me to their officer at a house close by, who commanded about fifty men. I gave him thirteen packets, one addressed to every State, and one to General Washington On reading a printed copy, he told me he did not know whether it was proper for him to receive such papers, and that it was necessary for him to send to know the commands of General Scott on that subject, who lay at the distance of about four miles. I told him I was commanded to leave them at the first American out-post that I should fall in with: and, with an air of *non-challance*, I added, that, if he did not choose to receive them, I should leave them with the landlord of the house: but that it was but common politeness from one officer to another, to give me an acknowledgment under his hand that I had left them at the house, merely to shew my commanding officer that I had done my duty, as I might otherwise be very severely reprimanded on my return to the British army, and perhaps put under arrest. In short, after a good deal of persuasion, and telling him that the proclamation, whatever it contained, was nothing to him or to me, as it came from the British Commissioners, and that certainly I should, in a similar case, not hesitate one moment in giving him a receipt; I procured a receipt from him, and, taking a polite leave of him, rode off for our army with no small degree of speed and pleasure. A few minutes after, he dispatched an officer with the proclamations to General Scott, but not before I had given every soldier who came round me one of them.

On my return through Ferry-town, there were above two hundred persons collected together, and I was under some apprehensions that they would have stopped me, as a few armed militia amongst them said, they knew not what business I had to deliver printed papers inviting the citizens of America to desert the Congress; I told them that I was under the sanction of a flag of truce, and had done nothing but what the inhabitants requested. The populace were nearly all in favour of me, and requested me to continue my distribution of the papers, which I did; and absolutely went so far, at their request, as to read one to to the people as I sat on my horse; and nailed one up against the public house before I departed. I knew very well, from the distance General Scott was, that I could not be easily overtaken, and that I had near an hour to spare. I then made the best of my way home, and met with a strong patrole of our corps within two miles of the town, when I returned, without further interruption, to the camp.

This very day the Admiral sent Lieutenant Heale in a cutter to Philadelphia with counterparts of the

the same packets which I had carried out. The moment he cast anchor in the river Delaware, the lieutenant and his whole crew were made prisoners; and Lieut. Heele remained above a year in Philadelphia jail; and I should have been sent there also, and have kept him company, had I waited to receive General Scott's commands; who, in a very few days afterwards, as I learned from the communication we held at the out-posts, had sent orders to detain me; but fortunately the bird was flown.

[*To be continued.*]

Management of Horses.

(From Marshall's Rural Economy of Gloucestershire.)

A Circumstance occurring in this district, relative to the treatment of farm-horses is entitled to notice. The idea is not new to me; but I have met with an incident before, sufficiently authentic to warrant its being mentioned.

In the livery-stables in London, he-goats are kept for the purpose of preserving the health of the horses which stand in them. Many carriers keep them in their stables for the same purpose; and I have somewhere met with an instance of farmers doing the same, particularly as a prevention of the staggers: but I have always considered it as one of those popular charms, of which wonderful effects are related in every country, nor have I yet any proof to the contrary: all I have at present to produce is strong evidence; I give it, however, on such authority as no one who knows the author will dispute.

Many years ago, Mr. William Peachy, of Northleach, lost several horses in the staggers. He was advised by a friend, whose experience had led him to believe, that he had benefited much by what he recommended, to keep a he-goat in his stables. He got one, and had not for many years another instance of the disorder. While the goat lived, his horses were free from the staggers; but the goat dying, his horses again became afflicted with this alarming disorder. He procured another goat (which is still living) and has not since had an instance of the staggers. He has seldom less than twenty horses in his stables.

I do not mean to recommend, in general terms, the keeping of goats in farm-stables; but if this terrible disease can be prevented at so trifling an expence, what gentleman or farmer in his senses, would be in want of a goat? In the midland counties, a few years ago, many farmers lost all their best horses in the staggers. Loss to the amount of several thousand pounds was sustained in Staffordshire alone.

I dwell the longer on this incident as it appears to me probable, that the influence of the goat is not merely that of a charm. The staggers appears evidently to be a nervous disorder. Odours are found in many cases, I believe, to act beneficially on the human nerves; and, possibly the strong scent of the goat may have a similar effect on those of the horse. The subject is certainly entitled to enquiry.

Antiquity of Skittle-playing *.

THE antiquity of skittle-playing is shewn plainly in the following extract from the "Gentle-

* See an accurate representation, accompanied with Rules and Instructions for playing this Game, in our last Volume, page 337.

man's Journal," printed in 4to, 1693, page 21.

"Upon taking down of an old hall, near Ribchester, in Lancashire, was found in a part of it a window of twelve feet square, the frame of which had been formerly a skittle frame. It was made of oak, and jointed together very strong; with the general rules to be observed cut upon it, and which were perfectly legible, giving the laws of the game. Each side of the frame was nine inches broad, with inclinations of fifty, sixty, seventy, and eighty degrees respectively; upon the upper edge of the frame were sixty-one holes, in two rows; one of which had a blank of six after forty, with these lines round the frame—

Bowle stronge, hitt the frame without, and misse the same within;
The king, two lordes with their attendants, the game will bring.
A. D. 1486."

From this inscription, it is shewn of what great antiquity the game must be; and how much of it remains now is evident, since we have left little more than the shadow. In Mill's Night Search, old Poetry, 12mo. 1640, is an allusion to this game. I. I. B.

An Humourous Account of Messrs. Long, Lad, Child, Pepper, &c. &c.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

I Have the misfortune to bear a name which often subjects me to the puny witticisms of those with whom I have any kind of intercourse. In *short*, Sir, my name is *Long*, which is so ridiculous a misnomer, that I cannot sometimes avoid laughing at it myself. No longer ago than yesterday, as I was trudging along Pall Mall, a friend accosted me with, "How do you, Mr. *Long?*" A passenger attending to this salutation, and observing my broad squat figure, stared at me with a very significant grin. From his countenance I perfectly understood every thing he meant to say, and hurried away with as much expedition as my legs and thighs would carry me; for believe me, gentlemen, I am very short in the *fork*.

Though I generally pay the utmost deference to the ladies, I presumed a few days ago, to contradict one, when she was blackening the character of the minister, and white-washing that of Carlo Khan; in consequence of which, madam thought proper to reprove me in the following words: "You take me up *very short*, Mr. *Long!* You carry your rudeness to an immoderate length; but I shall always make an allowance for your *slender* abilities."

Thus am I eternally drawn into disagreeable situations, because I innocently possess a name which has been transmitted to me by my ancestors. A thousand times have I been chagrined, mortified, and played upon, from the single circumstance of my figure being so opposite to my name: and only in one instance have I found it of any service to me. Living in the environs of London, and in the county of Middlesex, it was my lot, by ballot, to be appointed a militia man. Having an aversion to *powder* on my head, as well as to the smell of *gunpowder*, I consulted Burn's militia laws; hoping to find a hole in some of the acts of parliament large enough for me to creep through. For the first time I congratulated myself on my deficiency of height, when I discovered that I was at least five inches below the standard, according to the statute in that case made and provided.

I ran

I ran immediately to the rotation office, produced my figure, and with it the act of parliament, to the magistrates. Even the sages of the bench sometimes condescend to be jocular—they eyed me from top to toe, and instantly dismissed me with the following words, accompanied with a sneering smile, "Mr. *Long*, you are *too short* to serve his Majesty."

I am not singular, gentlemen, in labouring under a name that may be tortured and twisted, by those who have more ingenuity than good nature. The last time I made my appearance at my club, a dispute arose between two very worthy members, one of whom was named *Child*, and the other *Pepper*. In the height of the argument, Mr. *Pepper* grew *warm*, stepping beyond the bounds of decent debate, and even bordering on scurrility. Mr. *Child*, less choleric than the other, exclaimed, "Don't be *so hot*, Mr. *Pepper!*"—This drew the following severe reply—"Had I considered that I was talking to a *Child*, I should not have been thus provoked."—A gentleman of the name of *Lad*, perceiving that both parties were irritated, and apprehending an absolute rupture between them might produce serious consequences, rose from his seat, and remonstrated against the tendency of their reproachful language; adding, that, "if a man has too much *Chyan* in his disposition, it is *Childish* to contradict him."

Both the gentlemen concerned in the disputation were displeased at this severe observation, on which they were pleased to bestow the epithet of impertinent; observing that they should pay very little attention to the advice and opinion of such a *Lad*.

By this time peace was almost perfectly restored, the glass circulated briskly, and all misunderstandings were washed down with humble port, or humbler punch. Some brilliant things were said by several of the company, and Mr. *Fog shone* with peculiar lustre. Mr. *Diamond* was but a foil to him. Mr. *Lion*, who is allowed to sing a good *rough* song, was called upon to entertain the company with an *air*. He required very little solicitation, but very politely stunned the whole company; he had a most superlative roar.

Sometimes I find myself almost reconciled to my name, when, to flatter my imagination, I compare it with those which are more exceptionable. Thank heaven, I am neither a *Coward*, nor a *Bastard*, that I know of; nor am I on a level with a *Tinker*, a *Taylor*, a *Cooper*, a *Carpenter*, or a *Smith*.

If I proceed any farther, I fear you would, with too much justice say, that my epistle was entitled to its master's name. I have only to add, that, unless some kind relation should leave me a large fortune, on condition of my altering my name, I shall continue,

LORENZO LONG.

A STRIKING INSTANCE OF BRUTALITY.

A Few years since, lived at Tottenham, John Ardesoif, Esq. a young man of large fortune, and in the splendour of his carriages and horses, rivalled by few country gentlemen. His table was that of hospitality, where it may be said he sacrificed too much to conviviality. Mr. A. was very fond of cock-fighting, and had a favourite cock, upon which he had won many profitable matches. The last bet he laid upon this cock he lost, which so enraged him, that he had the bird tied to a spit and roasted

roasted alive before a large fire. The screams of the poor animal were so affecting, that some gentlemen who were present attempted to interfere, which so enraged Mr. A. that he seized a poker, and with the most furious vehemence declared, he would kill the first man who interposed; but in the midst of his passionate asseverations (by the bursting of a blood vessel) he fell down dead on the spot. Such were the circumstances which attended the death of this great pillar of humanity.

Instinct nearly approaching to Reason.

THE *Baubaci*, a sort of animals that bear a strong resemblance to monkies, abound in plains and forests of the Ukraine, or country of Cossacks, bordering upon Poland. These creatures form separate parties or classes, and upon certain days meet in hostile bands and engage in pitched battles. The opposing armies have their respective chiefs, and officers of several subordinate ranks; the various combatants appear to obey orders, and proceed with the same regularity that men do on like occasions.

Cardinal Polignac, who was sent Ambassador, by Louis XIV. to Poland, in order to support the interests of the Prince of Conti against Stanislaus, had often an opportunity of seeing these animals engage. He tells us, that they give the word of command for the onset by a sort of cry, or inarticulate sound; that he has seen them march in regular companies, each led by its particular captain; and, upon meeting their adversaries, both parties have drawn up in battle array, and upon the signal being given by their chiefs; have engaged with a degree of fury, that has surprized him.

Museum of Beasts, Arms, &c. at Lucknow.

A Gentleman who lately made a visit to the Nabob at Lucknow, had an opportunity of inspecting his Highness's Museum, which is famous for elegant pieces of mechanism, paintings, and other articles by celebrated Artists. An uncommon collection of birds renders the aviary an hour's agreeable inspection; nor does the menagerie less gratify curiosity; besides a lioness, tigers, leopards, panthers, hyænas, bears, wolves, and a seagosh, it contains some goorkurs, or wild asses of the mountains, uncommonly hardy and fleet, resembling the zebra, except in their colour, which is dun. African sheep, Barbary goats, like small deer; several serpents of extraordinary dimensions, and one animal, not yet described, called a cherruck, in colour and shape of the hyæna, though smaller, and exceedingly fierce and voracious, particularly of the flesh of dogs and asses. But beyond every thing curious and excellent in the Nabob's possession are his arms and armour. The former consist of matchlocks, fuzees, rifles, fowling-pieces, pistols, sabres, scymeters, spears, syefs, (long straight swords) daggers, poignards, damasked or highly polished, and ornamented, in relief or intaglio, with variety of figures or foliage of the most delicate patterns. Many of the figures are wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry with small gems. The hilts of the swords, &c. are agate, chrysolite, lapis-lazuli (nine times dearer than pure gold), chalcedony, blood-stone, and enamel, or of steel inlaid with gold, called tynashee, or koftwork.

koftwork. His Excellency's collection of Indian pictures is considerable, and preserved in large port-folios.

The Bond-street Lounger's wonderful Cure.

DOCTOR D——, a country physician, lately paid a visit at an ancient family seat in Wales. It was the abode of an old couple, whom he had attended for upwards of twenty years. They ranked more among his friends than his patients, for with air, exercise, temperance, and good constitutions, they had sunk into the vale of life almost unnoticed by its usual infirmities.

It was, therefore, with some surprise the Doctor found his old friends, at twelve o'clock of a burning day, seated opposite each other at the fire-side, in their arm-chairs and night-caps, with dejected looks, and in mournful silence.

By a sort of instinct peculiar to the sons of Galen, the Doctor immediately applied to the pulse for a solution. No pulses could be more regular. "Dear me, no bad news, I hope!" "Ah! Doctor," exclaimed Mrs. B. "none can escape the infirmities of old age." "Well, Madam, but pray what is the matter?" subjoined the Doctor. "Oh! Doctor, we are both *deaf!*" "Deaf! impossible, you seem to hear me perfectly." "Yes," said Mrs. B. "we have a few intervals, and this is one of them; but, in general, we're so deaf, that we could not hear you speaking across the table." "Indeed," interrupted Mr. B. "it was not for ourselves we sent for you, Doctor, but for our dear grand-children, who are come down from London to see us. They are so fallen away, that they are ready to slip through their clothes; and, though their lungs, I fear, have been hurt, by striving to make us hear them, yet their loudest speaking is to us only a faint, sickly whine.—Poor boys! you knew their mother, Doctor; she died of a consumption this time seven years, at Tenby.—Poor boys! they will soon follow her!" "Aye," added the old Lady, (*weeping*), "misfortunes never come alone. It was the very first day of their arrival our deafness came upon us."

At this instant, the parlour-door opened, and in stalked two tall, raw-boned, meagre, but athletic fellows, in huge Austrian boots and trunk breeches. They took no notice of the company, but threw themselves upon an old settee, with an air of sickness and lassitude. "Ah! Doctor," exclaimed the old man, "there was once a limb for you, (all this time the elder of the two, in a reclining posture, was tipping his leg and thigh with a little crooked cane, which he had taken out of his pocket);—but come, I must introduce you to your patients." So saying, he rose, and taking the Doctor by the hand, he brought him over to the settee, and addressing the young gentlemen, said, "My dear boys, this is our old friend, Doctor Dubb, whom you have so often heard us speak of." The young gentlemen rose, with an air of indifference, and half-averted eyes, and in a whispering, consumptive tone of voice, both said, or seemed to say: "*Sa, I va ga see ya, Pliain ha, Sa,* (Sir, I am very glad to see you at Plinlimmon Hall, Sir!") The Doctor, who knew something of modern fashions, and smoked two Bond-street loungers of the first figure at the first glance, was a humourist, and answered the bucks in their own way; "*Gea, I va ma bidg to ya, vaa ma, inde—*

inde—(Gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you! very much, indeed!") The old man, who had been straining with out-stretched neck and open mouth to catch a word, but in vain, this instant found his deafness return, and the old woman feeling a like visitation, they both hobbled away, leaving the Doctor to prescribe for poor little Bob and Charles.

In the conversation that ensued, the Doctor learned that Master Bob was nineteen and Master Charles eighteen years of age; and that they had come down from London to solicit the performance of their grandfather's promise to buy them commissions in the Guards, to which the old gentleman had demurred, assigning the dangers and fatigues of a modern military life—but the fact was, in their apparently wretched state of health he thought his money would be only thrown away. This discovery suggested to the Doctor an immediate and infallible cure for the deafness of the old couple, and the consumptive habit of the two grandsons: he flew to the garden, where he found his old friends lamenting, and assured them he would work a complete restoration of family health before he went away. The Doctor immediately wrote a prescription, leaving it to the old gentleman to be his own apothecary, and make it up; it was to take two purses, and putting a sum of fifty guineas into each to administer them in that state to the sick youths, with special directions to set off next morning for London, and purchase their commissions.——The old gentleman lost no time. The Doctor and the old lady followed him to the parlour, where the patients were still sitting; and where the old man administered the medicine strictly according to his directions. The first touch of the purse operated like an electric shock upon the nerves of the impatient youths—the lightness of the purse soon awoke suspicion, and examination only confirmed their fears. "*Da Sa, tha must be some mista in this*—(Dear Sir, there must be some mistake in this)" observed the elder of the two. The younger whistled *Malbrook*—the old man stared—the old lady and the Doctor were impatient for the operation of the cure.—"S'death, Sir!" exclaimed the elder of the two, after a short interval: "Surely you do not mean to quiz us?" These words pronounced in an elevated tone, most distinctly and clearly, and with appropriate look and gesture, had the desired effect. The old man, who neither heard or understood a part of the previous conversation, now heard the youth distinctly, and began to caper and sing through the room; the old lady also found all her auricular faculties restored in full vigour, and both returned thanks to the Doctor for their speedy and effectual cure.

The grandsons looked with astonishment; but how great must have been their shame and confusion when the old gentleman, with a stern countenance, thus addressed them:—"I have been the victim not of disease, but of my own credulity and your folly. The money I have given you will suffice to bind you apprentices to a milliner. When you have learned to act, speak, and dress like *men*, come to me, and I shall purchase you commissions in what regiment you please!"

Origin of Dutch Pugs; or the Prince of Orange's Favourite.

ABOUT thirty years ago, the fashionable *lap-dog* was the *Dutch-Pug*; every old Duchess in the

the kingdom had three or four, and these little ugly animals were the ladies' favourites from the accession of William the Third to the death of George the Second; since which time, the breed seems nearly extinct.

They were generally decorated with orange ribbons, and in great favour at court. King William being very partial to them, his courtiers apprehended he had learnt the old English proverb, "Love me, love my dog." The reason of this partiality is not generally known, but may be accounted for by the following anecdote, which is related in a very scarce old book:—*Sir Roger Williams, his actions of the Low Countries*, imprinted in the year 1618.

"The Prince of Orange being retired into the camp, Julian Romero, with earnest persuasions, procured licence of the Duke D'Alva to hazard a *camisado*, or *night attack*, upon the Prince. At midnight, Julian sallied out of the trenches with a thousand armed men, mostly pikes, who forced all the guards that they found in their way into the place of arms before the Prince's tent, and killed two of his secretaries; the Prince himself escaping very narrowly, for I have often heard him say, that he thought, but for a dog, he had been taken or slain. The attack was made with such resolution, that the guards took no alarm until their fellows were running to the place of arms, with their enemies at their heels; when *this dog*, hearing a great noise, fell to scratching and crying, and awakened him before any of his men; and as the Prince laid in his arms, with a lackey always holding one of his horses ready bridled and saddled, yet, at the going out of his tent, with much ado, he recovered his horse before the enemy arrived; nevertheless, one of his equeries was slain taking horse presently after him, as were divers of his servants. The Prince, to shew his gratitude until his dying day, kept one of *that dog's* race, and so did many of his friends and followers. These animals were not remarkable for their beauty, being little white dogs, with crooked flat noses, called *Camuses*.

Original Plan for a New Theatre.

THE present complaints against our Theatres are, their being too *small*; the consequence of which is, that the voices of the actors come to the ears of the audience with the force of a *cannon*; and even one of Mr. Kemble's whispers has the effect of a demi-culverin at the very back of the gallery. Another consequence is, that the audience, particularly those in the upper gallery, are brought so *near* to the stage, that instead of seeing as they ought to see, they in fact see too much, being easily able to mark the streaks of red and white upon the faces of the actors and actresses, by which all the perspective effect of painting is destroyed.

The company in general, in the pit and boxes, are so near each other, that opera glasses are totally unnecessary; and a gentleman in the upper boxes may whisper an assignation to a lady in the farthest part of the pit, without the least fear of detection. This crowding of the audience together, without any vacant space between the sides of the house, together with the lowness of the cieling, which makes the pit and the one shilling gallery almost *meet*, has a very unpleasant effect to the eye.

The idea of the writer of this, is to construct a Theatre on a most extensive

extensive and magnificient scale, and the place might be Hounslow Heath, extending in a grand range from Smallberry Green to between the tenth and eleventh mile stone; that is, within a short distance of Cranford-bridge. The stage ought not to be less than half-a-mile in breadth, and a mile and a half in depth. The advantage of these dimentions must be very obvious, particularly in Macbeth, Pizarro, Richard the Third, and other pieces, where whole armies engage.

Instead of having a dozen scene-shifters, engaging with as many carpenters, which is the whole of the present dramatic art-military, two or three of the regiments quartered in the neighbourhood, might be marched into the Theatre at a very small expence. Besides, according to these proportions of the stage, the galleries could not be more than three quarters of a mile from any part of the performers, which would give them as good an opportunity of hearing and seeing, *as they could expect.*

For the boxes, they ought not to be constructed in the present inconvenient form, but more resembling those in the opera-house, that is, separated by partitions one from the other, and each box furnished with chairs, tables, a good cellaret, with refreshments, &c. The size of each box need not exceed that of the great room at the Crown and Anchor; but they may be of different sizes, to suit lesser or greater parties. The inconvenience complained of in our theatres, of the galleries being too *near* the boxes, would be effectually removed here, as the nearest point of contact between them could not be less than half an hour's walk.

The prices of admission should never be less than a *guinea*, to the *cheapest* part of the house; and to secure an extra fund for various purposes, there might be two turnpikes, one at each end of the theatre. The performers salaries might also be proportioned to the other expences of the house. A good actress, if a modest woman, might have 500l. per night, and if *in keeping*, about four times that sum!

Gaming Incidents.

WRIOTHESLY, Duke of Bedford, brother to the late Duke, was at Bath one season, when a conspiracy was formed against his Grace, by several first-rate sharpers, among whom was the manager of a theatre, and Nash, the master of the ceremonies. A party at hazard had already deprived the Duke of upwards of seventy thousand pounds, when his Grace got up in a passion, and put the dice in his pocket. The gamesters were all terrified, as they knew they were loaded, especially as he communicated his suspicions, intimating his resolution of inspecting them. His Grace then retired into another room, and flinging himself on the sopha, fell asleep.

The only step that appeared practicable to the winners, to avoid disgrace, and get their money, was to pick his pocket of the loaded dice, and to supply their place with a pair of fair ones. They accordingly cast lots who should execute this dangerous commission, and it fell on the manager. He performed the operation without being discovered; after which, his Grace having closely inspected the dice he had in his pocket, and finding them just, renewed the party, and lost nearly thirty thousand more. The gamesters had only received five thousand pounds of the money, yet they could not

divide this sum without quarrelling, and Nash thinking himself ill used, divulged the whole imposition to his Grace, whereby he saved the remainder of the money. His Grace made Nash a handsome present, and ever after gave him his protection, the Duke thinking the secret was divulged through friendship.

The Old Coffee-Houses characterized by a Mahometan.

IN the numerous Coffee-Houses in London, besides coffee, there are many other liquors, which people cannot well relish at first. They smoak tobacco, game, and read papers of intelligence: here they treat of matters of state, make leagues with foreign Princes, break them again, and transact affairs of the last consequence to the whole world. In a word, 'tis here the English discourse freely of every thing, and where they may in a very little time be known: their character likewise may be partly discovered, even by people that are strangers to the language, if they appear cool in their discourses, and attentive to what they hear. They represent these coffee-houses as the most agreeable things in London, and they are, in my opinion, very proper places to find people that a man has business with, or to pass away the time a little more agreeably than he can do at home; but in other respects they are loathsome, full of smoke, like a guard-room, and as much crowded I believe it is these places that furnish the inhabitants with slander, for there one hears exact accounts of every thing done in town, as if it were but a village.

At those coffee-houses near the court, called White's, St. James's, Williams's, the conversation turns chiefly upon equipages, essence, horse-matches, tupees, modes, mortgages, and maidenheads; the Cocoa-Tree upon bribery and corruption, evil ministers, errors and mistakes in government; the Scotch coffee-houses, towards Charing-cross, on places and pensions; the Tilt-yard, Youngman's, and Arthur's, on affronts, honour, satisfaction, duels, and re encounters. I was informed that the latter happen so frequently, in this part of the town, that a surgeon and a solicitor are kept constantly in waiting; the one to dress and heal such wounds as may be given, and the other in case of death to bring off the survivor with a verdict of *Se defendendo*, or *manslaughter*. In those coffee houses about the Temple, the subjects are generally on causes, costs, claps, demurrers, rejoinders, salivations, and exceptions; Daniel's, the Welch coffee-house, in Fleet-street, on births, pedigrees and descents; Child's and the Chapter, upon glebes, tythes, advowsons, rectories, and lectureships; North's, undue elections, false polling, scrutinies, &c. Hamlin's, infant-baptism, lay-ordination, free-will, election, and reprobation; Batson's, the prices of pepper, indigo, and salt-petre; and all those about the Exchange, where the merchants meet to transact their affairs, are in a perpetual hurry about stock-jobbing, lying, cheating, tricking widows and orphans, and committing spoil and rapine on the public.

In London and its suburbs, they have about sixty taverns to one parish church; the masters of them are generally more intent on the strength of their tables and chairs, than that of their wines, which are contrived so for more sociable entertainments, and they oftentimes procure their guests a great many very painful stools.

In the evenings the woman pass through the chief streets in shoals, like mackrel in hot seasons; and associating themselves with vicious men, hurry into these taverns in pairs and couples, male and female, that a person unacquainted with this custom, would imagine they were apprehensive of a second deluge. They acknowledge themselves obliged to the French for a very modish distemper that attends their excesses; the youths of the army and the law, are generally pretty much affected with it, some of whom I observed, that have scarce arrived to maturity, hardly able to hold a pair of colours, or fairly march from one guard to another; and one time a man bearing a large burthen on his body, passing hastily through Westminster-hall, amidst a crowd of young lawyers, unhappily beat about fourteen of them to the ground, by a slight jostle; a melancholy and afflicting sight to the beholders!

Irish Botheration; or the Incomprehensible Clients.

(From Castle Rack-Rent.)

MISERABLE is the life of a Justice of the Peace after a fair in Ireland, especially if he resides near a small town.—The multitude of the *kilt* (*kilt* does not mean killed, but hurt) and wounded who come before his honour with black eyes, or bloody heads, is astonishing: but more astonishing is the number of those, who, though they are scarcely able by daily labour to procure daily food, will, nevertheless, without the least reluctance, waste six or seven hours of the day lounging in the yard or hall of a justice of the peace, waiting to make some complaint about —nothing. It is impossible to convince them that *time is money.*—They do not set any value upon their own time, and they think that others estimate theirs at less than nothing. Hence, they make no scruple of telling a justice of the peace a story of an hour long, about a *tester (sixpence)*: and if he grows impatient, they attribute it to some secret prejudice, which he entertains against them. Their method is to get a story completely by heart, and tell it, as they call it, *out of the face*, that is, from the beginning to the end without interruption. "Well, my good friend, I have seen you lounging about these three hours in the yard; what is your business?"—"Please your honour, it is what I want to speak one word with your honour."—"Speak then, but be quick—What is the matter?"—"The matter, please your honour, is nothing at all-at-all, only just about the grazing of a horse, please your honour, that this man here sold me at the fair of Gurtishannon, last Shrove fair, which lay down three times with myself, please your honour, and *kilt* me; not to be telling your honour of how, no later back than yesterday night, he lay down in the house there within, and all the childer standing round, and it was God's mercy he did not fall a'top of them, or into the fire to burn himself. So please your honour, to-day I took him back to this man, which owned him, and after a great deal to do I got the mare again I *swopped (exchanged)* him for; but he won't pay the grazing of the horse for the time I had him, though he promised to pay the grazing in case the horse didn't answer; and he never did a day's work, good or bad, please your honour, all the time he was with me, and I had the doctor to him five times any how. And so please your honour, it is what

what I expect your honour will stand my friend, for I'd sooner come to your honour for justice, than to any other in all Ireland: and so I brought him here before your honour, and expect your honour will make him pay me the grazing, or tell me, can I process him for it at the next assizes, please your honour?" The defendant now, turning a quid of tobacco with his tongue into some secret cavern in his mouth, begins his defence with—"Please your honour, under favour, and saving your honour's presence, there's not a word of truth in all this man has been saying from beginning to end, upon my conscience, and, I wouldn't for the value of the horse tell your honour a lie; for please your honour, I have a dependance upon your honour, that you'll do me justice, and not be listning to him, or the like of him. Please your honour, it's what he has brought me before your honour, because he had a spite against me about some oats I sold your honour, which he was jealous of, and a shawl his wife got at my sister's shop there without, and never paid for: so I offered to set the shawl against the grazing, and give him a receipt in full of all demands, but he would'nt out of spite please your honour; so he brought me before your honour, expecting your honour was mad with me for cutting down the tree in the horse park, which was none of my doing, please your honoru—ill luck to them that went and belied me to your honour behind my back!—So if your honour is pleasing, I'll tell you the whole truth about the horse, that he swopped against my mare, out of the face. Last Shrove fair I met this man, Jemmy Duffy, please your honour, just at the corner of the road, where the bridge is broke down, that your honour is to have the presentment for this year—long life to you for it! and he was at that time coming from the fair of Gurtishannon, and I the same way. "How are you Jemmy?" says I.—"Very well, I thank ye kindly, Bryan," says he. "Shall we turn back to Paddy Salmon's and take a noggin of whiskey to our better acquaintance?"—"I dont care if I do, Jemmy," says I; "only it is what I can't take the whiskey, because I'm under an oath against it for a month." Ever since, please your honour, the day your honour met me on the road, and observed to me, I could hardly stand I had taken so much—though upon my conscience, your honour wronged me greatly that same time—ill luck to them that belied me behind my back to your honour!—Well, please your honour, as I was telling you, as he was taking the whiskey, and we talking of one thing or to'ther, he makes me an offer to swop his mare, that he could'nt sell at the fair of Gurtishannon, because nobody would be troubled with the beast, please your honour, against my horse; and to oblige him I took the mare—sorrow take her! and him along with her!—She kicked me a new car that was worth three pounds ten to tatters, the first time ever I put her into it, and I expect your honour will make him pay me the price of the car any how, before I pay the grazing, which I've no right to pay at all-at-all, only to oblige him.—But, I leave it all to your honour—and the whole grazing he ought to be charging for the beast, is but two and eight-pence halfpenny, any how, please your honour.—So I'll abide by what your honour says, good or bad.—I'll leave it all to your honour."

*** I'll leave it all to your honour, literally means, I'll leave all the trouble to your honour.

AERIAL

Aerial Combats.

AN account has lately been published of a curious battle in the air, between the Swifts and Swallows, at Saffron Walden.

Many records are to be found of battles as extraordinary, fought in the same element.

In a pamphlet published in London, in 1622, we read, that in the 12th of Richard II. a battle was fought between gnats, at Shene, now called Richmond; their multitudes were so great, that the air was darkened by them. It was computed that two parts of them were killed, and the remaining third suddenly vanished.—The above account is inserted as preliminary to one of an engagement between the starlings at Cork, in Ireland, on the 12th of October, 1621: they mustered four or five days previously, every day increasing in number. Some came from the East, others from the West, and, as it were, encamped themselves Eastward and Westward of the city. During the time of their assembling, those who came from the East sought their meat Eastward, and those from the West sought their's Westward; no one flying in the circuits of the other.

On Saturday, the 12th of October, they fought, and on Sunday none were to be seen. Upon this Sunday, a similar battle was seen between Gravesend and Woolwich, and a raven flying between the combatants. On Monday, the 14th, they again appeared at Cork, and fought with as much violence as before, the dead and wounded falling on the houses, into the streets, and the river. After this battle there were found dead a kite, a raven, and a crow.

Another pamphlet, printed at Oxford, in 1676, and purporting to be a translation of one published at Lisle on the 17th of March, in the same year, relates a prodigious battle of birds between Dole and Salines, in the Franche Comte, on the 26th of February, 1676. The most numerous of the warriors were of a description not very much unlike our scare-crows, but there were above a hundred kinds. After fighting several hours, those who were not disabled retired no man knew whither. Bushes as high as men were hidden, and the earth covered with heaps of them for above five hundred paces in length, and the screams of the wounded and dying terrified the inhabitants of Burgundy. This extraordinary engagement had been predicted by Nostradamus, about the end of the first century, in his 100th article.

The above pamphlets are now extremely scarce; they are, however, still extant in the British Museum, and the libraries of the curious.

Singular Character.

MR. Pratt, brother to the late Lord Camden.—This gentleman was a very singular character. He had a remarkably tenacious memory, and was reckoned one of the first whist-players in the kingdom. He remembered all the cards that were played in a hand, from an ace down to a duce, and could recapitulate their order of playing, which he has done for a considerable wager. He dined every day, alone, at the Queen's Head tavern, in Holborn, and always drank a bottle of port to himself.—He occupied chambers in Grey's Inn, and lived in the highest floor, to prevent any disturbance over head. His taciturnity seemed even to exceed his memory; a remarkable instance of which he gave in a voyage to the East Indies, when

when in the service of that Company. He had not opened his lips to any person on board till they had arrived off the Cape of Good Hope. At that time one of the sailors crying out, from the top-mast head, that he saw land, Mr. Pratt was induced to say, "Damn the rascal, I perceived it above half an hour ago."

Blackwall Regatta.

ON Monday, October 5th, several well-contested Rowing Matches took place at Blackwall, which were witnessed by a prodigious number of spectators. The prizes were as follow:

First man, a new wherry, eighteen guineas.

Second man, won six pounds.

Third man, ditto, four pounds.

Fourth man, ditto, three pounds.

Fifth man, ditto, two pounds.

Sixth man, ditto, one pound ten shillings.

First division.—John Payne, William Saunders, and John Woodley.

Second division.—Caleb Sellers, William Prosser, and J. Eagleton.

Third heat.—Two first men in, from each division.

Fourth heat.—The two men that were left out from the two first heats, started together for the two last prizes.

Fifth heat.—The two first men of the four that rowed together in the third heat, started for the boat and second prize.

The boats started at half past twelve o'clock precisely from Blackwall stairs, and went three times round each heat.

The race extended the whole front of the town. After the boat was won, the wagermen were towed past the town in procession, successively as they won the prizes.

Woodley won the four pounds prize, Eagleton the three pounds, and Prosser the two pounds. The heat was stoutly contested, and the men had to row at least two miles and a half. One of the men, during the heat, was taken suddenly ill and declined. Payne and Sanders being declared the two best men of each division, on a signal gun being fired by the managers, started for the wherry. They were both young men, and excellently well matched. Payne kept next the shore, but after proceeding about one hundred yards, Sanders crossed Payne, struck his boat, and obstructed him in proceeding.

This was pronounced foul, as the laws made previous to starting were, that any man coming within a skull's length to jostle or cross could not win. The umpires gave it in favour of Payne, who got into the prize-boat, and towed past the town, amid the applause of the populace. He was then carried in triumph through the streets, though it is still contended that he was not entitled to the prize-wherry, not having rowed the whole way, though decidedly jostled by his adversary.

A Fine Building the Result of a Boxing Match.

THE rebuilding of Lambeth-Palace is thus whimsically accounted for: Bonniface being elected in 1244, took it into his head to become a visitor of the Priory of St. Bartholomew, to which he had no right. The Monk met him with reverential respect, but assured him the office did not belong to the Bishop; upon which he knocked down the Sub-Prior, kicked him, and tore the scope from off his back, and stamped on it as one possessed, his attendants following his example upon

upon the poor Monks. The people were much enraged at this conduct, and would have torn Boniface to pieces; but he retired to Lambeth, and, by way of expiation, rebuilt the palace with great magnificence.

SUSSEX ASSIZES.

LEWES, AUGUST 1.

Before Lord Kenyon and a Special Jury.

SCRACE *v.* SMITH.

For Shooting the Plaintiff's Dog.

[In our Magazine for August last, page 253, we cursorily mentioned this Trial, and have now the satisfaction to lay it at full before our Readers.]

THIS was an action for killing a greyhound, the property of the plaintiff. The defendant pleaded, first, that he was not guilty; and, secondly, that he was keeper of a certain antient park, called Hurstmonseaux Park, and that he killed the plaintiff's dog for hunting down the deer.

Mr. Garrow said, that this action was one which could not fail deeply to interest all who were actuated by the least sentiment of good nature and affection towards the brute creation, and particularly that most faithful of all animals, the dog. He knew nothing that was more calculated to wound the feelings, and excite the regret, of any man, than to have a valuable and trusty dog destroyed. The defendant might be a gamekeeper, and justified in killing the dogs he found hunting deer; but in the present instance it would be proved, from the expressions of the defendant, after he had committed this act of malice, that it was not on account of the animal having hunted the deer he shot him. It would be necessary to attend to the species of dog in question. It was a white greyhound; and every one knew that dogs of that breed never put up the game of themselves, but only hunted it down when they were set on. The defence was, that this dog was hunting; and it would be for the defendant to make out that fact; for the law of England did not authorise every saucy gamekeeper to kill all the dogs that went through the park, of which he had the custody; especially such a park as this, through which there was a common path for all who pleased to pass. Although the defendant had had the assurance to say this dog was hunting, he at the same time perfectly well knew it was not deer, but game of a different kind it was pursuing. It was necessary to observe, that the plaintiff's was a male dog; and that the son of the defendant had a little greyhound of the other sex. This animal had won the affections of the white greyhound, and she was the object for which he resorted to the park. It would be for the Jury to infer how the two greyhounds were employed, when they considered the expressions used by the defendant to a person whom he informed of the circumstance—expressions which any man who had a drop of English blood about him, would have been ashamed to have used; he observed, he had tickled one of them, and that he had had a very good chance of killing both, but that he took good aim. He should prove these facts on the part of the plaintiff; and it would then be for the defendant to make out his justification. He repeated, that the dog certainly was one which would have killed game, but it had no taste for doing so unless set on.

Joseph Parks said, that on Saturday the 2d of April, he was in the neighbourhood of this park: he

he saw a little lurcher bitch, belonging to the defendant's son; and, shortly after, a strange white greyhound, which he since learned had belonged to the plaintiff, came up to her. In a few minutes he heard the report of a gun, and perceived the white greyhound wounded. Immediately after this, he saw Smith standing with his gun, and asked him whether he had seen any dogs in the park? to which he replied, he had. The witness asked him whether he had not shot at them? and he answered, that he had helped one of them to something that had tickled him. The witness then desired to know which dog he had shot, and he said it was the white greyhound; and added, that they were both a dead mark, and he had a very pretty opportunity of shooting them together. On his cross examination, he said, he did not know the defendant was Mr Nailor's park-keeper: this affair was after the defendant had taken a gun and net from him (the witness); the defendant did not tell him he had seen two lurchers chasing the deer.

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd said, his learned friend seemed to have made it the foundation of this action, that the defendant had boasted of having wontonly killed the plaintiff's dog, which was by no means the fact. The case was this: the defendant was park-keeper to Mr Nailor, the proprietor of Hurstmonseaux Park, who, in the course of the last year and an half, had had five of his deer worried by the dogs in his neighbourhood, and if he was not allowed to kill them, his property could never be secure. His learned friend had stated, that greyhounds would not hunt unless they were set on; perhaps this might be true with regard to staunch dogs; but it was well known that all dogs, of whatever breed they were, had a taste for mutton; and it was fair to presume they had no objection to venison if they could get it. He agreed that it was improper for park-keepers to shoot at dogs merely because they came within a park; nay, further, he did not think they were justified in doing so, even if they were chasing the deer, provided a person was with them who could call them off; but in this case the defendant's dog had been chasing the deer without any one to restrain it; and, if it had not been seen by the park-keeper, would certainly have hunted some of them down and killed them. He feared he should have some difficulty in proving this, as the defendant had alone observed them, and could not give testimony in his own behalf. It was a circumstance rather suspicious, that the only witness the plaintiff had called was a man who, for poaching in the park lately, had his gun and a net taken from him. If it had been denied that this place was an ancient park, he should have proved it beyond all question; but as that was admitted, he should prove a general notice on the part of Mr. Nailor, that as several of his deer had been worried, he would order his game-keeper to shoot all the dogs found in his park. It happened there was an old man near the spot who heard the report of the gun; and, upon inquiring the cause, was informed by the defendant, he had shot a dog as he was hunting the deer It was admitted that one of the dogs was a lurcher; and it could not be denied that dogs of that kind would hunt by the scent as well as the sight. If he proved the facts he had stated, he thought the defendant was intitled to a verdict.

Miller, the witness, offered on the part of the defendant, said, he saw the dogs, but did not observe them wandering at all, or hunting the

the deer—he heard the report of the gun, and saw the smoke; but no such conversation as had been mentioned took place between him and the defendant.

Lord Kenyon said, the plaintiff had a right to maintain this action—at the same time he did not think it was a case which called for inflamed damages. It was a very vexatious thing for a gentleman to have his deer killed——Whether a man had at the present day a right to kill the dog of another chasing his deer, he would not say; but, certainly, by the Forest laws, game-keepers were justified in shooting all dogs found within a park, unless they were expeditated, that is, had the balls of their feet cut out, to prevent them from running. Happily the Forest laws were no longer in use; yet the laws enacted since the revolution were equally adapted to the protection of private property in game, as those which flourished under the Plantagenets; and certainly they were more congenial to the liberty of the subject. He believed no one would regret the disuse of the Forest laws. If a game-keeper, presuming upon his right, thought proper to let fly, and killed the dog of another, he was answerable for the consequences. The jury were bound to give a verdict for the plaintiff, limitting the damages to the reasonable value of the dog.

The jury accordingly returned a verdict for the plaintiff. Damages two guineas.

Fox and Hare-hunting.

On Thursday, October 1st, the Surrey fox-hounds met at Wickham church, near Hayes Common, at nine o'clock in the morning. After dragging about twenty minutes, they found in Cooper's wood, and the hounds went away close at the fox: only the huntsman, Mr. Scott, and Mr. C. Morton, of Croyden, accompanying them, as they were the only sportsmen who stuck to Reynard when he first broke cover. Running through Hall Wood, and making a head by Prat's Bottom, there was a most famous view; and, from the apparent lassitude and fatigue of the fox, those gentlemen who were most conversant with the country were decidedly of opinion that the death would soon ensue. After crossing the road, and running all through the great covers to very near Foot's Cray, making a head back again, and running to ground near Chislehurst, the hounds were of course stopped; but the burst was most extraordinary from Cooper's Wood to Chislehurst, comprising a distance of twenty-five miles in two hours. The fox being run to ground, and the custom of sportsmen being not to unearth at an early period of the season, the hounds were ordered home, and from the commencement of the hunt, we augur much amusement to the sporting world in the vicinity of Croyden.

On Monday October 5th, Mr. Chapman's hounds made their first appearance for the season on Putney Heath, with excellent sport; after *chopping* a leveret, they had two very good runs with a brace of old hares, the first of which they killed, after three quarters of an hour's brisk running; but the second beat them in a straight forward chase of three miles into Comb Woods. The Surrey fox-hounds have also begun to divide and disperse the cubs.

Lately the hounds of Joseph Moon and Thomas Sargent, Esqrs. near Looe, in Cornwall, unkennelled a dog-fox, which, after a very severe chase, and running through no

no less than six parishes, was killed. None of the horsemen were in at the death. The hounds had killed four hares before they started the fox. In the heat of the chase, Mr. Trelawney, son of the Reverend Sir Harry Trelawney, Bart. of Trelawney, in Cornwall, in leaping a hedge, plunged with his horse into a quarry on the other side. From the quantity of furze, underwood, and brambles, in the quarry, which broke their fall, the gentleman and his horse sustained no other injury than the face of the former being terribly scratched and torn.

Duelling.

Dublin, Sept. 28.

Mr. O'Donel having exerted his influence, which was considerable, in the county of Mayo, in favour of a Mr. Dillon, to represent the county on the first vacancy, electioneering hand-bills had been last week posted up, by his orders, in all the public places, which were torn down by the rival candidate, Denis Bingham, Esq. and re-placed by counter notices of an irritating and personal nature. This produced a challenge, and the parties met at Ballina, on Thursday last, and having appointed seconds, took the ground at twelve yards distance. Both parties fired at the same time. Mr. Bingham's first fire took effect; it entered Mr. O'Donel's left breast, and pierced his heart.

About five minutes before this unhappy affair, Mr. O'Donel called for pen and ink, and wrote a short address to the electors of the county of Mayo. It would seem to breathe a presentiment of his approaching dissolution.

"*To the Independent Electors of the County of Mayo.*

"Should I fall in the contest with Mr. Bingham, it is in support of your cause, of the independence of the county of Mayo. Had I lived, it was my determination to have done all in my power to have prevented you from being Slaves, and the county from being made a Borough. You yet, I feel, will do it, and I earnestly entreat all my friends to give their interest to Mr. Dillon, and any other person whom the independent interest shall nominate as his Colleague.—Farewell my friends."

"J. M. O'Donel."

Balina, Sept. 24, 1801.

The seconds were, for Mr. O'Donel, Colonel Charles Lionel Fitzgerald; for Mr. Bingham, Colonel Jackson, of the North Mayo Militia.

Extraordinary Duel

Between two singular characters, on the sands near Margate.

The parties were a Mr. V——, a well-known Knight of Industry, and Mr. J—k—s—n, a strolling Player, who had assumed the character of a gentleman. The quarrel originated at play in a tavern at Margate, when the sharper having endeavoured to cheat the hero of buskin, he insisted upon *satisfaction.* Lord C——, who made one of the party, offered himself as second to the son of Thespis, and the Honourable Mr. T——n was chosen a second by Mr. V——.

On Saturday, Oct. 3d, the combatants met, about sun-rise, and displayed such rueful and dejected countenances, that their seconds could scarcely suppress their laughter. After a few animating *hems*, the player's blood began to circulate more briskly; his animal spirits rallied round the hero's heart, and instead of whining out "Othello's occupation's gone," he might have exclaimed, with Richard, "A

E 2 thousand

thousand hearts beat high within my bosom."

Poor V——— was not so courageous; in vain he tried to rouse his dormant valour; he rattled a dice-box which he had in his pocket, and though the sound of his *loaded dice* had often cheered him when fleecing a young gambler, yet their cheering influence was overwhelmed and lost in the dreadful apprehensions excited by the thoughts of a *loaded pistol*. He had now gone too far to recede, and his *Honourable Friend* encouraged him to deport himself with the dignity becoming a gentleman who wished to blow out a fellow-creature's brains merely *for the honour of the thing!*

As an incitement, he whispered to him how formidable the character of a man of courage would render him in his future deceptions as a gambler. What human being would be rash enough to quarrel with a man who was on all occasions willing to cast his life on the *hazard of a die?* Stimulated by the hope of being able to pursue his future frauds with impunity, Mr. V——— mustered up courage enough to turn his face to the enemy, who stood trembling and pale, within a few paces.

The ground being measured, the seconds took their places, and the champions reared their murderous arms, and fired together. The explosion of a little gunpowder was succeeded by curious sensations. The gambler was so overjoyed at his escape, that he vociferated an oath in the plenitude of his valour, and the player threw himself into the attitude of a fencer making a lunge!

Mean while the respectable seconds were not idle. They had charged the two first pistols with nothing but gunpowder, but in a moment of glee, they agreed to put a little small shot, such as is used for killing sparrows, into the second.

The champions, bent on mutual destruction, again projected the fatal tubes, and though they fired at random, in the true style of *modern duellists*, yet a few unlucky globules of lead struck the beautiful visage of the player, and the gambler felt the *epidermis* of his right leg penetrated by the shot of the enemy.——They fell; and the outcries and groans were re-echoed by the shelving rocks of the sea shore!

How long they would have lain in this deplorable plight is uncertain, had not their frolicksome seconds began to feel an appetite for breakfast. Aided by a number of rustics, whom the noise of the pistols had alarmed, they raised the poor duellists, who could hardly be persuaded that it was all a farce, and they were yet in the land of the living.

This mode of loading the pistols of future duellists is recommended to all whom it may concern, as it may be the means of saving a number of valuable lives annually; and gentlemen desirous to profit by this expedient, may exchange a shot with all the *reputation* and *safety* imaginable.

MURDER; OR, A DEMI-DUEL.

A Jury sat on Saturday, October 3d, at the Chelsea arms, on the body of the veteran soldier, who was shot on the preceding day, in Chelsea College. The Jury brought in their verdict wilful murder. The prisoner, who is 70 years of age, was the same afternoon committed by Mr. Justice Reed to Tothill-fields Bridewell.

It appeared to the Jury, that the misunderstanding between the deceased and the prisoner arose from a difference of opinion relative to the

the burning of the coals allowed by the institution. It is customary to allow coals only in the winter; and, in consequence of this regulation, the pensioners make it a rule to save a small quantity each day for Summer's use. This plan not meeting with the approbation of the deceased, eternal bickerings ensued; and, from such trifling causes, their disputes frequently arose to such a height, that their peaceable neighbours were at length compelled to acquaint General Bucknell, who came and reasoned separately with them, and they both promised to behave better in future. This conversation took place last winter. The season having recommenced, the same circumstance produced the same altercation, until the day when the melancholy catastrophe took place. It was about seven o'clock, when the prisoner entered the room of the deceased. He said, "You must get up and fight me," offering a pistol. The deceased made no reply, but knocked the pistol out of his hand The prisoner then fired; the ball entered the heart of the deceased, who died immediately. On examination of the pistol offered by the prisoner to the deceased, it appeared to be loaded with a ball only, no powder being in the barrel or prime. The deceased was 73 years old, had been many years a serjeant in the 25th regiment of foot, and was much respected The prisoner, previous to this unhappy affair, bore a fair character, regularly attended the chapel, and was punctual in the payment of his debts. The deceased and the prisoner were both captains; the allowance is 3s. 6d. a-week, meat, clothes, and lodging exclusive

The deceased and the prisoner were excellent swordsmen, the best in the college. The latter fought a duel forty years ago, and killed his man.

It has been very judiciously observed, that duelling is one of the few evils which may be supposed to increase at the close of a war. Men who are in earnest may not easily get out of the habit of fighting. About a century ago, when the King of France published an edict against duelling, one of his officers exclaimed—"Mighty fine! the King has put down gaming and stage-playing, and now wants to put down duelling. How does he think gentlemen are to *divert themselves?*"

Refinements in Horse-Stealing.

THIS species of depredation has of late been carried to a most alarming height in every part of the country, and is conducted in so systematic a manner, that it is very difficult to detect the offenders, or recover the horses stolen. The parties practising this nefarious trade being very numerous, and maintaining a correspondence with each other throughout the kingdom, they are enabled to dispose of stolen horses in a very easy manner, having settled places to meet at, where they sell or barter horses stolen out of distant counties; in addition to which, they are generally utterers of counterfeit money and bank-notes, either travelling as hawkers and pedlars, or pretending to be so.—A few evenings since, four fellows of this description were apprehended by the Bow street patrole, in the neighbourhood of Brentford, with five horses and a chaise-cart in their possession, which there is every reason to believe are stolen; and on two of them were found forged bank-notes. After undergoing a very strict examination

tion before Mr. Bond, which tended to corroborate the suspicion entertained of them, they were committed for a further hearing on Friday Oct. 9, when another man, stopped a few days ago on suspicion of horse-stealing, by a publican at Bushey-heath, Herts, to whom he offered a horse for sale, which is supposed to have been stolen out of Kent, was also brought up for re examination, and all the horses produced.

Shocking Accident.—Caution to Horsemen.

TUESDAY night, September 30th, about half past eight o'clock, as Mr. Sullivan, Secretary to Lord Hobart, was passing through St. James's Park, in a chaise of his Lordship's, at a quick pace, on his way to Hampton, the servant riding behind on a very fine horse, when they came near Buckingham-House, passed the chaise, in order to have Buckingham-gate opened as soon as his master came up; but, in going off the road to do this, he did not see the iron railing, which forms a half-circle, extending nearly to the road, to preserve the grass in the front of Buckingham-house, and he guided the horse, unknowingly, directly against it. The railing being thin, and of a dark colour, cannot easily be perceived even in the dusk, much less in the dark; the horse, however, saw it; going at a very smart trot, he made a leap, and the servant says he would certainly have cleared it; but the servant saw the railing just as he was at it, when it was too late; and not having time to reflect, or presence of mind, he checked the horse in his leap, and the poor animal came down on the spikes, which ran into his belly. He stuck there for some minutes, groaning most piteously, when a gentleman passing, entreated Mr. Sullivan, as an act of humanity, to put him to instant death, as it was impossible he could live long. To this Mr Sullivan readily consented, and the boy who had been driving the chaise cut his throat, and afterwards stabbed him. He died instantly; and, assistance being procured, he was lifted off the rails, when his bowels dropped out.

A new Mode of Religious Persecution.

AT a market town, in Lancashire, a few Sons of the Cleaver were lately amusing themselves and their friends at a bull-bait, when a preacher, belonging to the order of Fanatics, placing himself on an adjoining eminence, commonly known by the appellation of a horse-block, very commendably undertook to divert their attention from the scene of barbarism by an audible as well as laudable harangue; part of which ran thus:—"Turn, my friends, from baiting that poor bull, and join me in baiting *Belzebub*; he who has so often tied you to the stake of your sins:—do but, therefore, unite with me, and I, your faithful dog, will *pin* the Devil till he *roars*."—The *gentlemen of the ring*, we are sorry to add, relished the doctrine so well, that they *promoted* the preacher, by transferring him from the *horse-block* to the *bull's back*. On this *moving pulpit* he was carried round the vicinity of the place, for the space of half an hour, during which, his ejaculations were, for the first time directed *below*, fervently and vociferously praying his *greasy friends* to remove him from so *honourable* an *exaltation*.

BRITISH

British Generosity Exemplified.

[From Stork's Picture of Petersburgh.]

IN the little town of Oranienbaum, lives a woman, bordering on ninety, by name Christophoreana, a native of Holstein. A little cottage is her sole possession, and the visits of a few ship masters coming over from Cronstadt, to go to Petersburgh by land, when the wind does not serve for sailing up, her only livelihood. Several Dutch skippers having one evening supped at her house, on their departure, she found a sealed bag of money under the table. Her surprise at this unexpected discovery, was naturally very great; some one of the company just gone must certainly have forgotten it; but they were sailed over to Cronstadt, and perhaps at sea, the wind being fair, and therefore no hopes of the guests returning. The good woman put up the bag in her cupboard to keep it till called for. However, no one called for it. Full seven years did she carefully keep this deposit, though often tempted by opportunities, still oftener pressed by want, to employ this gift of chance. Her honesty, however, overcame every allurement of opportunity, and every command of want. Seven years had elapsed, when some ship-masters again stopped at her house—three Englishmen, and the fourth a Dutchman; who being asked whether he had ever been at Oranienbaum before? acknowledged that he had; but that as he then lost a bag, containing seven hundred roubles, the very thoughts of the place gave him uneasiness, and, therefore, he wished to hear no more about it. But here the old woman very gratefully interrupted him, by asking, if the bag was sealed. "Yes, (replied the Dutchman) it was, and with this very seal which I have to my watch chain." But proceeding in his despair of ever recovering his loss, the poor old woman, who had left the apartments a few minutes, was seen waddling in with the bag, exclaiming, "See here! perhaps honesty is not so rare as you thought it!" and, at the same time, putting the bag upon the table. The guests were dumb with astonishment; but much more so the Englishmen, on witnessing the meanness of the Dutchman, in offering the poor woman *one rouble only* as her reward! they stood looking at one another for a moment as silent as the grave. —"Dammee," at last exclaimed one of the Englishmen, striking his fist upon the table, "that bag there my lad, you shall not carry off so. Devil fetch me but the old woman shall have it!" His two countrymen, who had been mute till now, added their hearty concurrence to his proposal.

The Dutchman turned pale, but endeavoured to console himself by the reiterated protestations of Christophoreana, that she required nothing at all; that she thought she had done no more than her duty, and insisted that the Dutchman should even take back his roubles. However, the Britons could not so easily be brought to strike sail. The conversation grew warm; the oaths followed rapidly on each other, and the fists of the Englishmen doubling spontaneously, induced the skipper to agree to part with fifty roubles. The Englishmen insisted upon a hundred. "The bag, (said the Captain) does not belong to us, it is true, but a Briton will never stand by and not see justice done—I will count out the hundred roubles." No sooner said than done. The Dutchman, thunderstruck at this summary way of proceeding,

ceeding, at length gave way to the impressions of justice and retribution; and farther insisted that the Britons should let him treat them, and also in stoical resignation, parted with a hundred of his long lamented and lately recovered roubles!

Covent-Garden.

A New Comedy, entitled *Integrity*, was performed here on the evening of Thursday, Oct. 8th. The principal characters were thus represented:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Herman, -	Mr. H. Siddons.
Albert, -	Mr. Brunton.
Edward, -	Mr. H. Johnston.
Woolstan, -	Mr. Murray.
Uncle of Albert,	Mr. Cory.
Waiter, -	Mr. Blanchard.
Mother of Herman,	Miss Chapman.
Julier, - -	Miss Murray.
Helen, - -	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Maid, - -	Mrs. Mattocks.

This piece is a translation from the German of Kotzebue. We understand Mrs. Inchbald, Mr. C. Kemble, and Mr. H. Siddons, contributed jointly to adapt it to the English stage. If they have done it justice, the original must be very defective, as, in its present state, it is the feeblest effusion of that celebrated author's pen. The scene appears, from the character of the costume, to be laid in Germany. It opens with a family groupe, consisting of *Herman*, a young lawyer, his mother, and sister *Helen*, who are dependent upon him for their support.——He is the hero of the piece, and from his tried integrity it takes its name. The means by which his rectitude of mind is put to the test from the principal scenes. He is represented as having successfully pleaded the cause of *Woolston*, a brave but distressed soldier. His celebrity next induces a wicked uncle to seek his assistance to defraud his nephew *Roland* of his fortune. This proposal he spurns with contempt, under circumstances of the severest pressure. They are interrupted by the arrival of *Albert*, the lover of *Helen*, who proves to be the very *Roland* whom the uncle sought to disinherit: he had assumed the name of *Albert*, to avoid the search of his father, from whose unnatural treatment he had fled. This discovery completely destroys the uncle's hopes, who retires, and in revenge procures the banishment of *Herman* and *Albert*, upon a false charge. Arrived at the boundaries, *Herman* is overtaken by *Edward*, a youthful friend, naturally good, but led astray by the vice and folly of the world. He brings him a letter from the reigning Duke, by which he is recalled, and desired to hope to be speedily recompensed for all his sufferings. An angel had been successfully interceding in his favour.—This beautiful and accomplished female had been married to an old, surly, jealous husband, who was the unnatural father of *Albert*. As her husband had lately died, she had come to town in search of her stepson, and had discovered the machinations of his uncle. These she determines to counteract, and in the course of her laudable endeavours she has an interview with the paragon of lawyers, our hero.—She not only admires his talents, and pities his sufferings, but feels emotions, excited by his presence, still more powerful and interesting. About three years before, when on a journey with her husband, she had been saved from imminent danger by a gallant student of law, who afterwards shed his blood for her sake in a duel with her tyrant. She now finds this vindicator of innocence

innocence to be the man. They had never spoke, and her face had never once been unveiled; they had contracted, nevertheless, a mutual passion, and she being now free from her father, resolves to offer him her hand. Having, therefore, got by her favour with the Prince, his enemies disgraced, and himself recalled, she dresses herself as she appeared on the memorable night when he beheld her near the university, and presents herself before him. She says that she could bear the cruelty of her husband no longer, and had come to throw herself under his protection. The virtuous *Herman* delivers a long sermon against *crim. con.* and tells her to return to her lawful Lord. This is the last scene in which any thing is said. There is another, but all is dumb show:—a hall is splendidly lighted up; on the sides are seen the soldier with his eight children, together with other objects of our hero's beneficence; and in front, *Herman* himself with his fair widow, *Albert* and *Helen*, the reformed *Edward*, the old mother, &c. &c. some standing, some kneeling, some reclining upon their neighbours; some laughing, some crying, and some sometimes laughing and sometimes crying.

In the combination of these materials, the principal reliance is placed upon the sentiment, which is pure, and expressed in neat, sometimes beautiful language But sentiment, however fine, without variety of incident, embellishment, or relief, affords but dull and heavy entertainment. This is particularly observable in the present piece, in which we can scarcely perceive a glimmering of light through the shade, nor yet a scene of deep pathos. There is no forceful interest excited in the progress of the plot, nor, consequently, any by the *denouement*.

That it is also very abrupt and defective, and several of the scenes are unnaturally produced. *Juliet* is all virtue and goodness. It is inconsistent with the delicacy of such a character, to make her introduce so many allusions to her late husband, while she is courting another. *Edward*, from a vicious young man, becomes at once amiable; but how this reformation is effected, the audience cannot even hazard a conjecture. However unnatural the conduct of the father, the sudden account of his death ought surely to have excited an expression of regret from the son, *Albert*. In moral effect the character of the uncle is still more deficent. He is struck suddenly out of the piece, without suffering the slightest punishment for his guilt. Indeed *Herman* is the only full-length portrait in the groupe; all the rest are mere sketches. The great weight of the piece fell consequently on Mr. H. Siddons, who made his first appearance in that character. This gentleman comes forward with an hereditary claim to theatrical talents. He certainly has not disappointed the public expectation. His action is easy, without redundance; his enunciation correct; and considerable practice upon the Northern Theatres, has made him perfectly acquainted with the business of the stage. His conception of the character was just, and his performance marked with energy and feeling. His denunciation against adultery, in the last scene, was given with good effect, and shewed him possessed of considerable powers.

He is about the middle size, and has a very expressive countenance, a softened likeness of the Kemble family.—In the early scenes there was a huskiness in his voice; but it went off as he became impassioned, and elevated his tones.

He experienced a very flattering reception.—Mr. Cory, the next in novelty acquitted himself very well in the character of the uncle. The scene in which his villainy is discovered, affords the only striking situation, and was managed with judgment.

Mr. Brunton, Miss Murray, Miss Chapman, Mrs. H. Johnston, and Mrs. Mattocks, also acquitted themselves with success in their several parts.

The prologue was very indifferent, being little more than an intercession with the audience in favour of the novelty of the night; not the play, we believe, but Mr. Siddons. The Epilogue, a dialogue between Miss Murray and Mrs. Mattocks, turned upon the comparison between a theatre and a mirror, in which they exhibited individuals from different parts of the house with such point and humour, as produced loud plaudits. The whole business of the night, both play and performers, went off without a murmur of disapprobation, and the piece was announced for future representation, with uniform applause.

COVENT-GARDEN.

A Musical Entertainment, called *The Escapes*, was performed, for the first time, on the evening of the 14th instant.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count Armand, -	Mr. Incledon.
Michelli, - -	Mr. Fawcett.
Antonio, - -	Mr. Townsend.
Daniel, - -	Mr. Simmons.
First Officer, -	Mr. Hill.
Constantia, -	Miss Dixon.
Angelina, -	Miss Howells.
Marcellina, -	Miss Wheatley.
Bridemaid, - -	Mrs. Baster.

This Entertainment, is a translation from a *petite* piece of the French Theatre, which has for some time been very attractive at Paris. There are, however, several alterations, calculated to give it an English *costume*, which are judiciously planned and executed. Although the entertainment affords only one song of comic effect, the interest, which depends upon the ingenuity of escaping in a variety of unexpected ways, is not in the least impaired. The chorusses are in the first rank of harmony and melody, and many of the movements are not unworthy of the most approved masters of the present day.

In the Overture there is much to commend. It possesses a combination of sounds happily suited to the subject; and the instruments are so skilfully employed, as each to communicate its appropriate effect.

Townsend's song, "A Little Boy, a Savoyard," was productive of general plaudits.

Simmons was truly humourous in Daniel; and Incledon, by the masterly stile in which he regulated and assisted the chorusses, essentially contributed to the success of the piece.

HUMOUROUS RECEIPT FOR MAKING A TRAGEDY.

TAKE an Asiatic, an African, or a Grecian Virgin of high rank; but it will be better, if it be possible, that she should be at least the daughter of a king, or the niece of an Emperor. Add, by way of Confidante, an aged damsel, always ready to obey the dictates of pity or of terror, while the heroine herself is either expiring or reviving, like the sensitive plant. Take a hero supposed to have been buried some ten or a dozen years, but has nevertheless sufficient life left him to strut about and scold loudly. Take also an

an old woman, and be sure to call her tyrant ten times in every act. For under-plot, add a cold-blooded priest, and a hot-blooded warrior, and throw in slaves and soldiers *quantum sufficit*. Mingle the whole well together, and season them with sighs and groans; let them boil a little with a few handfuls of horror, illusions, love, &c. and serve up the whole with a catastrophy of madness and murder.'

Boxing.
Belcher and Burke.

On Monday, October 12, by twelve o'clock, an assemblage of several thousands were collected upon Wimbledon Common, in a hope of witnessing an expected combat between one Cordy, an Irishman (who beat Maddox, a coachman, about two years since upon the same spot), and Owen, a dustman, for twenty guineas aside. But the time of setting to (one o'clock) expiring without the latter's appearance upon the ground, the deposit was declared forfeited, and the multitude in no small degree disappointed.

The intended battle between Belcher and Burke, which was to have taken place on the same day, at Enfield, much to the disappointment of the lovers of that polite art, was prevented by the interposition of Mr. Ford, who, having received notice of their intentions, issued his warrant against them, and on Sunday night Belcher was taken into custody by Townshend the officer.

A great variety of circumstances combined to excite an extraordinary degree of expectation, and produce a multitudinous attendance upon the occasion. The ratification of the peace had just nearly annihilated fighting; the contest between Sir Solomon and Cockfighter had ceased to be the subject of conversation; and the combatants were in the first rank of pugilistic renown. To these, was to be added the tremendous thunder-storm of Saturday night, which had reduced the populace to a state of complete inactivity. All the loose cash, all the turbulence and curiosity which had been amassed for that night, and the expenditure of which was prevented by that unfortunate disappointment, now burst forth with encreased avidity of enjoyment.—The boxing match was the sole remaining point of attraction, and as such, it consolidated every vagrant wish, every undecided mind, and every idle hope and curiosity. There were also various other circumstances, which could not fail to excite an uncommon interest. Belcher is a native of Bristol, a city renowned for the best breed of boxers. He is a smart, genteel looking young man, of a peaceable demeanor, and without any appearance of superior bodily strength; but he strips remarkably well, and shews a great deal of bone and muscle. In his mode of fighting, he does not evince uncommon science: his knowledge of the art is more intuitive than derived from practice, and it is to his excellent bottom, high mettle, and extraordinary agility, that he is chiefly indebted for his brilliant success.—Burke, his antagonist, is of Irish parents, but was born at Wem, in Shropshire, and greatly his superior in stature, being abovt five feet eleven, coarse and strong made. It will be recollected that they encountered each other about three months ago at Wimbledon, and that Belcher, upon that occasion, put a desperate blow into his adversary's face, which decided the contest in his favour. That engagement, however, being a matter of surprize,

surprize, and no previous training or preparation having taken place on either side, the amateurs did not attach much consequence to the defeat, or consider it as decisive of the merits of the rival heroes. Out of these circumstances grew the present match. Some knowing ones, conceiving that Burke was beat at Wimbledon, only through his own rashness, and entertaining an high idea of his powers, took him into private nursing. Raw eggs to improve his wind, and raw beef to make him savage, were the main ingredients in his regimen of diet; and in all his exercises, he toped their expectation. All this was done in contemplation of matching him against Belcher, being perfectly aware of the high odds that would be given against him, as it was natural to suppose Belcher would be the favourite with all, except those in the secret. They did not, however, manage the business with all the address displayed in the negociation; the match was scarcely made, when it took wind that Burke had been in training all the time, and had shewn extraordinary improvement in his sparring and exercises. The odds consequently took a contrary direction to that intended; but when the amateurs began to consider that Belcher, though not in training, had lived temperate, was full of hard meat, and in excellent condition, the tide of opinion began to turn, and became so strong, that the betting on the ground was six to four in his favour.

The time appointed for the fight was between the hours of twelve and two in the afternoon. About one, Burke appeared on the ground, ascended the stage, and stripped; after practising a short time, amidst the applause of his friends, he dressed himself, Belcher not appearing. A general and eager cry of "Where is Belcher?" was uttered by all present. "Where is he?" repeated Gamble, the Irishman, "he is at Bow-street, he was grabbled on the road." Soon after two friends of Belcher arrived with the melancholy tidings of his arrest in town on the day before. At three o'clock, no sport appearing likely to arise, for the *after-fight*, which was to have taken place between Crowdy and Owen, was also put off in consequence of the latter being at Wimbledon, the enormous mass began to move off the ground. It had scarcely put itself in motion, when an incident happened which tended much to facilitate its dispersion. Several exclaimed, "The soldiers are coming; don't you see their muskets glittering in the sun?" In a moment a general route commenced; but it is probable the mob might notwithstanding have rallied, as the advancing army was soon discovered to be a parcel of countrymen in smock frocks, with reaping-hooks across their arms.

Among the other pugilists of note were, Bill Ward, Gamble, Lee, and Jackson; many sporting men, and all the pick-pockets of London and Westminster.

In crossing the chase from the public road, the carriages were obliged to pass through a pool of water, and a branch of the River Lea: the latter being flooded from the excessive rains, the passage was difficult, many gigs and other light carriages were upset in the water, to the no small diversion of the spectators.

A battle took place on the road between Lee, the Jew, and a young man of the name of Jones. The cause of the quarrel was, the Jew ran his gig against the saddle-horse of the latter. Much science was displayed by the Jew, but no bottom. It was a cowardly transaction on the part of the Jew,

whose second struck Jones an underhand blow in the midst of the confusion. Jones fought sixteen rounds, and then gave in. Jones threw in his blows very quick, but he was lost for want of a good second.

The causes of the public disappointment at Enfield Wash, according to a Morning paper, which pretends to be in the secret, was in some degree owing to a little pique on the part of the Police officers, against a person who has hitherto been the great protector of the science. It originated in the late riot in Bond-street.

Some apprehensions being entertained that the mob would return on the evening subsequent to that disturbance, to break more windows, a reinforcement was collected, by particular desire, from the different houses resorted to by the *Belcherites* and *Berkites*, and some staunch hands were picked up in Field-lane,* after the usual diversions of the evening, such as bear and badger-baiting, were concluded. These men were hired at five shillings for the night each, and a good supper. They were not, however, called into action, as the mob had their piquet guards on duty, who carried the intelligence of the strength of the enemy, with whom they declined the contest.

The Police officers, hearing that so many bludgeon-men had been enlisted to interfere with their duty, resolved to be revenged on the person who was supposed to have paid them, by disappointing him of his favourite amusement of boxing. Accordingly, Belcher was taken into custody, and detained the whole of the forenoon.

It is believed, however, that had this champion not been arrested, there would have been no fight, as the person who had promised the purse of fifty pounds had withdrawn it on the Sunday evening previous to the intended battle. This was a dreadful blow to the Bristol hero, who contended that Burke and himself, had been put to a great expence in training; but all remonstrance proved fruitless. Belcher was obliged to give in, though it is said the combat will be renewed.

* Between this place of sheep's-head memory, and the once famed Black-Boy Alley, a Badger at least, is baited every Monday afternoon.

History of the Horse in England.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

If the following Extract from an ingenious Author on Horsemanship, is thought worthy of insertion in your valuable Magazine, it will give the highest pleasure to your admiring reader, who will also be happy to continue the narration. Yours, &c.

Oct. 17th. L. H.

THE finer and better sort of the more modern English horses, are descended from Arabians and Barbs, and frequently resemble their sires in looks and appearance, but differ from them considerably in size and mould; being more furnished, stout, and lusty. In general, they are strong, nimble, of good courage, capable of enduring excessive fatigue, and both in perseverance, and speed, surpass all horses in the world. At the same time, it is objected to them, that they are void of grace, and want that expression, if I may use the word, in their figure and carriage, which is so conspicuous in foreign horses, and so beautiful and attractive, as even to be essentially requisite, upon all occasions of pomp and parade:

parade: but instead of displaying a dignity of motion, and a conscious air of cheerfulness and alacrity, as if they shared in the pleasure and pride of their riders, and were almost sensible of human passions, they appear in all their actions, cold, indifferent, unanimated. This is so apparent, that the most heedless, and ignorant spectator, who should upon any occasion, see them contrasted with horses of action, would be struck with the difference. Besides this, the English horses are accused, and not unjustly, of being obstinate, and uncomplying in their tempers, dogged and sullen, of having stiff and inactive shoulders, and wanting suppleness in their limbs; which defects, make their motions constrained, occasion them to go near the ground, and render them unfit for the menage.

This is the character of the English horse: to which it may not be improper to add some remarks, and anecdotes, which may tend farther to open and set forth the national history of the animal.

England has at all times, even in its rudest state, been possessed of a breed of horses sufficient to answer every purpose, for which they were given. Cæsar, when he invaded this island, found its inhabitants, not only well furnished with horses, but also very dexterous and expert in the management of them. He speaks of their scythed chariots, and celebrates their skill and address in driving them; so that it is certain, the use of horses must have been long familiar to them, and the creature much valued, if in a state bordering on savageness, they knew the art of taming it so well. The venerable Bede says, "that the English began to use saddle horses about the year 631, when prelates and others rode on horse back, who till then were wont to go on foot; but that, if upon urgent reasons, they were obliged to ride, they used mares only, as a mark of humility—the mare not being so full of pride and spirit as the horse."

In the reign of Athelstan, the English became so jealous of their horses, and entertained so high an opinion of their merit, that a law was made by the king, to prohibit their exportation, unless designed for presents. This law seems to prove, that even in those times, they were much prized in other countries, and that the demand for them, must either have been very large, or the breed not numerous at that time; since, otherwise that monarch, as well as some of his successors, instead of preventing the exportation, would have done better to have encouraged the breed, so as to have kept pace with the demand, and brought considerable sums of money into this country.

Notwithstanding the fondness which Athelstan discovered for English horses, and his jealousy of their being sent into other countries, it is certain, that he entertained a good opinion of some foreigners, and received several as presents from the Continent. It is probable many came from Germany; of several foreign horses, he was, however, undoubtedly possessed. The Conqueror brought many horses with him from Normandy, and some perhaps of other countries, which contributed still further to augment the variety of breeds in this Island; but Roger de Belesme, created Earl of Shrewsbury, by the victorious monarch, rendered a most essential service to the nation, by introducing the stallions of Spain, into his estate in Poursland, and through them, a more generous and noble breed, than this kingdom perhaps has ever known. This race, seems to have been calculated at once, for the purposes of war,

and

and the exhibitions of public solemnities, of which horses are always a most essential and ornamental part; for it is not known, that at this time, nor till a much later period, that horse-races were introduced in England: although this agreeable and useful diversion, if confined within certain regulations, might have been cultivated with great propriety, among a people, fond, and proud of their horses; and that at a time, when bodily exercises alone were the amusements of all sorts of men; and especially as the English had an opportunity of being instructed in them by the Romans, who generally kept their own customs wherever they came, and left their impression behind them when they departed.—We may therefore reasonably conclude, that they were either ignorant of these sports, or what is more likely, preferred the parade and magnificence of tilts and tournaments, in which the strength, activity, and beauty of the horse, as well as the skill aud courage of the rider, could be more usefully employed, and more gracefully displayed.

Humourous Observations on the Illuminations.

PERHAPS, the predominance of joy over every other passion, was never more truly evinced, than in this capital on the auspicious event of Peace. Rich and poor, old and young, united in one gratulatory acclamation, and hailed the return of peace with songs of triumph, as the Laplanders welcome the Sun.

From the yells in different streets, and the blaze of light, one might be led to imagine, that, like old Rome, modern London had been set on fire by some descendant of Nero, and that, like him, the incendiary had commanded the wild beasts at the Tower and Exeter Change to be let loose on the people. The shrieks and howls, however, were not those of calamity, but triumph, proceeding from the throats of a most curious assemblage of butcher's swabs, who seemed to feel pride in the idea that the art of killing was to be exclusively confined to them. Yet, though their vociferations were not dulcet as the warblings of Mrs. Billington, they were much more heartfelt and disinterested. Indeed, the public were entertained *gratis*, while the symphonious sounds of marrow-bones and cleavers formed a concert in unison with the vocal performers.

Nor were these demonstrations of joy confined to the butchers—thousands of mechanics and shopmen shared the honours of disturbing the public peace, by their outrageous hilarity on this jubilant occasion. Several *hearty cocks*, among the laborious class, who were cheered by the prospect of peace and plenty, expressed their satisfaction by spontaneous bursts of laughter, which might be called the exuberancy of mirth. Frolicksome young fellows hurried through the crowd, exclaiming, "Don't *shove the Ladies!*" while they almost overturned every one that stood in their way. Others, offended at persons of a misanthropic disposition, who would not illuminate, broke their windows, thus demonstrating the puissance of *the majesty of the people!*

Persons of a philosophic cast contrived to unite economy with expence. A fishmonger in the Strand displayed the skin of a gudgeon as a transparency, or rather as a sacrifice to departing famine; and a frugal householder in Bloomsbury-square, converted his drinking glasses,

ses, salt-cellars, basons, &c. into *temporary lamps!*

The lover of variety had a fine opportunity of gratifying his fancy. The buz of such a multitude of happy people in the streets, the humming of barral-organs, suspended to the shoulders of itinerant Savoyards, the reiterated bursts of noise from the discharge of old rusty pistols and firelocks, filled the air with the concord of sweet sounds, and evinced our love of peace, by preventing our repose.—Such were the nocturnal demonstrations of joy in London; and our street-pacing Muses, commonly called ballad-singers, are daily delighting our ears with elegant lyric compositions, humourous, satirical, and patriotic, on this joyous occasion. May their inspiration, like that of the Sybils of old, cease on the return of *Peace and Good Will to Men*, and the terms *War* and *Famine* become obsolete, or expunged from the vocabalary of mankind!

SATIRICUS.

Eccentric Cases in the Court of Requests, at Guildhall.

A Singular case lately came before the Commissioners, for their decision:—Isaac Cowen, an honest Israelite, and the ninth part of a man, summoned one of the Priests of Abraham for the sum of twenty-five shillings, the price of a pair of the very best superfine velveteen breeches, furnished for his use, which Isaac insisted was made of the very best materials, and well worth the *monish*; the great proof of which, consisted in their having been worn full three years, and yet appeared decent to the eye, as he perceived the man of Sabbath still had them on. The Priest admitted the justness of the demand, but said he had a *set-off* upon the taylor, which he trusted the gentlemen would think equally just. Mr. Cowan had employed him to go to Newgate, and preach by his son, who had met with *misfortunes*, and was at that time under *sentence of death*, for which friendly office he had only charged *half-a-guinea*, consequently had reduced the debt to fourteen shillings and sixpence, which he was ready to pay. Isaac demurred to this diminution of his principal, alledging that the prayers of the Priest had been of *no use*, his Majesty having been graciously pleased to spare his son's life; in plain sense, *he had not been hanged*. The Priest insisted he had a right to be paid for his time and labour as well as the taylor, especially, as that time had been expended in a laudable endeavour, to *fit* his son for a *better world*. Yes, replied Isaac, but the *fit* was of no use, for my son is not a *jot the better for it*, which you cannot say of the breeches, as you have worn them for three years past, and they appear likely to last as much longer.

The Commissioners put an end to the altercation, by allowing the *set-off*; the taylor received his fourteen and sixpence, and went away grumbling, observing, that Priests and Lawyers were always sure to succeed in their own cause.

WHITE-WASHING A POINTER.

Another case, equally eccentric with the former, came on to be heard.—A woman summoned a dashing young sportsman of the Minories, for thirty-nine shillings, incurred for washing his linen; with the exception of half-a-crown he had promised to give her for *cleaning a pointer dog*, against the 1st of September, which had been disfigured by rolling in a quantity

of

of *lamp-black*, kept in the cellar of the house where he lodged, an oil-shop. The young man admitted the debt, also the circumstance of the dog, but pleaded his incapacity to pay all at once. One of the Commissioners perceiving the young man to have on a very fashionable sporting frock, beckoned him to come near him, and taking hold of his coat, said, "I imagine these buttons to be silver, really they are very prettily engraved; pray, young gentleman, what might they cost you?"—"Yes," replied the knowing youth, "they are pretty, quite the go, I assure you, among the sporting blades; they are made after the fashion of those worn by a certain Major: they cost me five shillings a-piece."—"Then are you not ashamed," rejoined the Commissioner, "to owe this poor woman a small debt for washing your linen, when you can expend five shillings upon every button on your coat? Instantly pay her demand; or, if you have not the money in your pocket, give her the buttons off your coat, and dispence with so *silly* an ornament." The young man felt the satire, and instantly paid the sum demanded.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

AMONG the various eccentric expressions of popular joy, upon occasion of the peace, the following distich was emblazoned on a Barber's lantern, at a shaving shop near St. Giles's.

Funds rapidly rise, provisions will fall:
Monopoly dies, and Plenty crowns all!

Under a transparency, in which a gardener at Hammersmith exhibited a Flower-pot, during the illuminations on Saturday, were these lines:—

Of roses he is sure the Otto,
And well deserving of the Grotto,
Well stock'd with many a flower-pot-o,
Who kindly gave of Peace the lot-o
To English, Irishman, and Scot-o.

In the window of a Publican, near Cavendish-square, was a Pewter Pot, surrounded with blue, red, and white lamps, over which was inscribed Hope, with these beautiful Stanzas:—

Should Gala Hope give a Ridotto
In honour of the peace and Otto,
Here am I, just upon the spot-o,
And well supplied with Pewter Pot-o;
And Porter too, or may I rot-o,
As good as that of John o'Groat-o.

An honest Tailor at Mile-End, during the late illumination, had the following lines displayed below a transparency, representing a goose and a large cabbage, with the inscription of Peace and Plenty!

Altho' you've given us Peace, M. Otto,
Old Nick will never have his quot-o
Till all who grind the poor cry "hot-o."

A Glazier in Shoreditch is the first who has hitched M. Otto's name into a rhyme. On his transparency were these lines:—

Let's drink their healths by way of motto:
Here's to Lord Hawkesbury and Monsieur Otto!
As I approve the Peace in toto,
May he that breaks it first, be shot-o.

It is a mistake, says the Oracle, that the Shoreditch Glazier was the first to hitch M. Otto's name into rhyme; a Cobler, near Dyot-street,

street, St. Giles's, had a transparency, in which the following lines were conspicuous:—

Thanks to Lord Hawkesbury and M. Otto,
Forestallers now must go to pot-o,
For all their hoarded grain will rot-o.
Of all such knaves be this the lot-o,
A corner in old Belzy's grotto!

Singular Transparency.—A house in Old-street displayed a transparency, of rather a singular nature, and afforded to the populace a deal of mirth. On one side was pourtrayed a quarten loaf, under which were the words, "*I am coming down.*" By the side of the loaf appeared a pot of porter, *well frothed*, which was made to rejoin, "*So am I.*"

A physician, in Newcastle, (Dr. Pearson) exhibited *realities*, not *emblems*.—In one window, he placed a skeleton;—the motto, "effects of war."—In another, a huge loaf and Cheshire cheese,—"blessings of peace."

A transparency, on Monday night, in a street in St. Ann's parish, represented Mr. Pitt, the First Consul of France, Mr. Windham and Joseph Bonaparte, dancing a Fandango, to a tune played on the Union Bagpipes. John Bull appeared in a corner with a purse in his hand ready to pay the Piper.

A Dog Doctor, in the neighbourhood of Mary le-bone, has adopted a whimsical mode of making his business known. He has put over his door his name, and a portrait of a lady's lap dog.—Over which is written, "Pompey the Little."—Under it, by way of motto, stands the quotation from Lear, "Take physic, Pomp."

So joyfully drunk were the inhabitants of Lincoln, in consequence of the peace, that insisting that great Tom should be rung on the occasion, *twelve upright men* could not be found in the whole city; however, four-and-twenty old women being substituted in their room, Great Tom was raised; but owing to the clacks of the old women, could not be heard after all.

Burke, the Pugilist.—His eloquent speech at Enfield Wash:—"*Gemmen!*—I *com'd* here, d'ye see, to fight *Jim* Belcher. *I'm* here, and *he* is'nt. I wish he had: for, on the word of *a Butcher*, I'd have *cleaved* his *calf's head*, and given him such a *chop* in the *kidnies*, as would soon have brought him on his *marrow bones!*"

A humourist, hearing the Bond-street loungers censured for the crookedness of their sticks, very drily replied, "Why should not a man's crooked stick be accommodated to the *crooked* ways he chuses to walk in?"

A most expert and daring robbery was committed a few nights since, in Devonshire Place: A thief entered the house about three o'clock in the morning, took a valuable silver waiter, put it under his coat, and sallying into the street, was met by the watchman, whom he accosted with, "Confound your laziness, you idle fellow, why don't you go your rounds? half the houses in the parish may be robbed whilst you are loitering here."—Dogberry obeyed, made his bow, and the adventurer escaped.

Mr. Bannister, Sen. coming down Bow-street, met a thief-taker with a man in custody, and asking what offence his prisoner had committed, was told that he had stolen a bridle, and was detected selling it: Charles observed, 'Ah! then he wanted *to touch the bit.*

A gentleman, conceiving that since the peace, Coals would be cheap, walked down to the river side, and meeting an Irish coal-heaver, accosted him with "Well, Paddy, how are *coals?*"—"*Black as ever*, your honour, by Jasus!"

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE Perthshire hunt, which met in the beginning of this month was numerously attended. His Grace the Duke of Athol, Earl of Kinnoul, with the two French Princes, sons of the late Duke of Orleans, and all the principal nobility and gentry of the county, were present.

A lobster has been caught in North Berwick, which weighed between six and seven pounds. The extreme joint of the claw measured nine inches in length, and at the thickest part ten inches in circumference.

A renewal of the races at Maidenhead has been at length effected, after a severe contest between a few spirited gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and the rigid and reformed religionists of the town, where methodism has made such rapid progress, that the tolerated conventicles are constantly so crowded, as not to afford a single seat, even for the prying eye of curiosity: whilst the parish church is so thinly supported, as to be of very little use, unless to hold out an awful proof that the established religion, as well as the constitution, was once pure and uncontaminated.

Two chargers were purchased lately, for two hundred and ninety guineas, for the use of the First Consul The export of English horses to France is considerable.

The *Reverend* Sir Harry Trelawney, Bart. in a *fox-chase* lately, near Looe, in Cornwall, leaping over a hedge, fell into a quarry, where his face was terribly scratched, but he otherwise received no injury.

Another instance of the great impropriety of keeping loaded firearms insecured from the unwary, or in places of ordinary resort at all, occurred near Stamford lately.—A young woman at Banton, during the amusement at the feast time in that village, took up a gun, and pointing it at some of her companions, in jest, it went off. and lodged the contents in the arm of Sarah Peasegood, a young woman of Stamford, who now lies very ill from the accident.—The many casualties that are noticed from similar impropriety, attach an heinous degree of culpability to persons possessing and insecurely lodging instruments so destructive.

On Wednesday, the 7th instant, a chesnut hackney, the property of Mr. Denny, Surgeon, of St. Ive's, was matched to walk one mile, and to trot one mile in fifteen minutes, and to carry her owner, who rode thirteen stone, which she performed with ease, having thirty-two seconds to spare. She trotted the mile in three minutes and fifteen seconds, and walked the mile in eleven minutes and thirteen seconds.

More Horse-stealing.—A few days ago, a person who called his name Joseph Sadler, was apprehended in Coventry, on a charge of stealing a valuable horse from —— Moore, Esq. of Appleby, in Leicestershire; from whence he was pursued by two persons, who were not able to come up with him till they came there, and on enquiring of the watchmen, if a person with a led horse had been observed by them, they directed the pursuers to the

road he had taken, (which was Gray Friars-lane) having enquired of them for a blacksmith to fasten his horse's shoes, where he was overtaken; but before he could be secured, he made a considerable resistance, as he struck one of the men a severe blow on the head with a whip that had lead at the butt end of it; and having pistols in his pocket, he attempted to fire one of them off at his pursuers, but it fortunately happened that he was observed, and before he could take aim, at the moment receiving a blow on the arm, caused the pistol to go off, and lodge its contents in the thick part of his own thigh.—His wound was immediately dressed; after which he was sent to Coventry gaol; but has since been removed to Leicester, to take his trial at the next assizes—It appears he had an accomplice, who rode off with Mr. Moore's horse.

The Hon Archibald Douglas, whose misfortune, owing to the bursting of his double-barrelled gun, near Aberdeen, when on a shooting party, has since been so dangerously indisposed, as to render an amputation by the wrist indispensably necessary. After the first disagreeable accident, his lordship lost one of his fingers; but a mortification rapidly advancing, amputation became necessary.—This unfortunate accident, was mentioned in our last Magazine, page 327.

On Saturday, the 10th instant, John Aley the younger, farmer, of the parish of High Ongar, Essex, was convicted before the Bench of Justices, at Ongar, in the penalty of five pounds, for shooting without being duly qualified, and also in the penalty of twenty pounds, for not having obtained a regular certificate. After the conviction, Aley behaved in so riotous a manner, in the town of Ongar, that complaint being made to the Magistrates, he was committed to the cage, where he was confined during the whole night.

A battle, says the Cumberland packet of October 20th, was fought at Great Ponton, between B. Dickenson, the fighting tailor, and S. Houghton, a horse-breaker, of Stroxton. The latter was upwards of seventy years of age, and received so much injury in the conflict, that he died shortly after. The tailor, though a scientific boxer and an athletic man, was obliged to be carried from the ground.

A gentleman being inadvertently shooting a few days since, without his certificate, in the vicinity of Stanmore, was accosted by a gamekeeper, who, he had previously understood, could not read a single letter. Upon being asked for his certificate, the waggish sportsman, pulling out a pawnbroker's duplicate, told the keeper that he would there find his name was "Anthony Humbug, of the Island of Laputa," and the keeper, pretending to read, (without flappers,) said all was right, and quietly marched off, wishing good sport to Anthony Humbug.

Died lately, at Valeona, in Portugal, aged 107, Benedict Pereyra, a fisherman there. He continued to fish till he was 105 years old, and the last two years of his life, got his bread by mending nets.

There is now living in the township of Over-Darwen, near Blackburn, one James Morice, who on the 7th of July last, attained the great age of 102 years. He winds twist, and says he can walk to Preston from thence, (a distance of 14 miles) and back again any day.

Died lately, Mr. Henry Warkton of Norwich, weaver, the most popular change-ringer and composer in that county. A dead-peal was rung the ev'ening of his interment, at St. Peter's Manroft, Norwich.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE PEACE:
OR,
PARODIES ON SHAKESPEARE.

OUR battles now are ended, these our Sailor's
And brave Soldiers, are all heroes; and
Are crown'd with wreaths, victorious wreaths;
The flint-ribb'd Tower, the gorgeous Mansion-house,
The great Exchange, the Monument itself,
Each stately fabrick of this loyal city
Does blaze into one grand illumination:
And every street through London's large extent,
With bright transparencies display'd, shall leave
Not one lone feat untold: we have such triumphs,
And such rejoicings, that our sea-girt Isle
Doth echo with the loud re-echoing shout.

TEMPEST, IV. I.

The gallant Tar, who's now come safely home,
Will give three cheers on this auspicious day,
And rouse him at the glorious sound of Peace.
He that's with maimed limbs, and good old age,
In Greenwich brave retreat laid up from service;
Cheer'd on this day, will with his mates regale;
Then, will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars.
Landmen forget, yet shall he not forget
French, Spanish, Dutch, with what advantages
Block'd up, or beat at sea; then shall the names
Of Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, Elphinstone,
Hood, Pellew, Curtis, Nelson, Trollope, Smith,
Familiar in their mouths as bumper—toasts
Be freshly in their bowls of flip, remembered.

HENRY V. IV. 3.

O now for ever
Welcome the tranquil scene; welcome content,
Welcome the ploughman's toil; the reaper's task
That makes the cottage fare and sleep so sweet;
Welcome the village sports; the echoing peal,
The spirit-stirring dance, the ear-pleasing song,
The rural wake, all freedom, plenty, mirth,
And happy circumstance of glorious peace.
And, O! thou long-lov'd wife, whose dear embrace
The inhuman war's dread terror compensates
Welcome——the Soldier's occupations o'er.

OTHELLO, III. 2.

Oct. 12th. I. I. B.

THE AGE WE LIVE IN.

O Tempora! O Mores!

KINGS, some ruling, and some rul'd,
Some would be kings, if they could.
Nobles in one country drooping,
In another meanly stooping;

Ministers,

Ministers, a very few
Acting right, and those that do,
Stamp it as rogues by ancient right.
Honesty! how came they by't?
Patriots loudest in the cause
Of their country and its laws;
Making speeches wo d'rous long,
Just to prove their *conduct* wrong.—
Parliaments that represent
More *themselves*, than those who sent.—
Well-dress'd courtiers voting *aye*,
Easier to *nod* than say.
Rugged opposition folks,
Without reason cracking jokes;
Putting themselves down on paper,
Wits, whom wisdom think but vapour.
Mobs upon the levelling plan,
Practising the *Rights of Man*,
Led by scribbling knaves astray,
Luminaries of a day;
Men well form'd to take a purse,
But whom learning has made worse.
Powder'd parsons, preaching, praying,
Sometimes leading, sometimes straying.
Lawyers proving black is white,
Right is wrong, and wrong is right.
Anxious for their patients case,
Grave physicians—*taking fees.*
Anxious for their husband's fame,
Ladies doing—*deeds of shame*;
Full of fond connubial care,
Lest estates should lack an heir,
Worthy of the wealth to come
With the graces of a groom,
Who may drive with six in-hand,
Cut down trees, and mortgage land.
Virgins studious to be free,
Of shame-fac'd virginity.
Roguery in thriving case,
Honesty in low disgrace,
Conscience on forbidden bed,
Decorating *friendship's head*;
Afterwards in hostile field
Bidding *injur'd honour* yield!—
Fashion sanctioning all folly,
Nought but *virtue* melancholy—
Science on small income dining,
Ignorance o'er turtle shining;—
Poetry extinct, and *puff*
Putting off the vilest stuff;
As the product of the muses,
Such as he may read that chuses.—
Tradesmen running credit's rig
Round the City in a gig;
Soon as their high metal cools,
Walking calmly in *the Rules.*
New religions rising round
Little goodness to be found—
Nothing valued less than health,—
Nothing valued more than wealth;—
News from every quarter flowing,
By what means no creature knowing:
Little poets for news-papers,
Wasting brains and evening tapers;
Verses of description giving
Of the blessed age we live in.—
To do justice to such times,
Would exhaust ten thousand rhymes—
Take the date, and I've done,
The present year 1, 8, 0, 1.

Aug. 7th. I. I. B.

SONG,

FOR A HIGHLAND DROVER RETURNING FROM ENGLAND.

By Robert Bloomfield, Author of "the Farmer's Boy."

NOW, fare thee well, England:—no farther I'll roam,
But follow my shadow, that points the way home!
Your gay southern shores shall not tempt me to stay,
For my Maggy's at home, and my children at play;
'Tis this makes my bonnet sit light on my brow,
Gives my sinews their strength, and my bosom its glow!

Farewel, mountaineers; my companions, adieu!—
Soon, many long miles when I'm sever'd from you,
I shall miss your white horns, on the brink of the Bourn,
And o'er the rough heaths where you'll never return:
But in brave English pastures you cannot complain,
While your Drover speeds back to his Maggy again!

O, Tweed, gentle Tweed, as I pass your green vales,
More than life, more than love, my tir'd spirit inhales;
There Scotland, my darling, lies full in my view,
With her bare-footed lasses and mountains so blue!
To the mountains away:—my heart bounds like the hind;
For home is so sweet, and my Maggy so kind!

As day after day I still follow my course,
And in fancy trace back ev'ry stream to its source.

Hope

Hope cheers me up hills, where the road lies before,
O'er hills just as high and o'er tracts of wild moor,
The keen Polar Star nightly rising to view—
But Maggy's my Star just as steady and true!

O, Ghosts of my fathers—O, heroes, look down:
Fix my wandering thoughts on your deeds of renown;
For the glory of Scotland reigns warm in my breast,
And fortitude grows both from toil and from rest:
May your deeds and your worth be for ever in view,
And may Maggy bear sons not unworthy of you!

Love, why do you urge me, so weary and poor?—
I cannot step faster, I cannot do more;
I have pass'd silver Tweed, e'en the Tay flows behind;
Yet fatigue I'll disdain, my reward I shall find:
Thou sweet smile of innocence, thou art my prize,
And the joy that will sparkle in Maggy's blue eyes!

She'll watch to the Southward—perhaps she will sigh,
That the way is so long and the mountains so high!
Perhaps some huge rock in the dusk she may see,
And will say in her fondness, "That surely is he!"
Good wife, you're deceiv'd: I'm still far from home,
Go sleep, my dear Maggy—to-morrow I'll come.

THE SEASON IN SEPTEMBER, 1801.

A SEASON so pleasant, congenial and fine;
Or one more prolific in every kind,
Men scarce by the help of their mem'ry can find.
The barns are all fill'd with the finest of corn,
And stacks in vast numbers the country adorn—
A sight very pleasing to rich and to poor;
Some farmers excepted, who sigh at their store!
For such, on the whole, to rejoice would incline,
If plenty and dearness together would join;
But the fears of low markets their spirits depress,
They love to sell more, but they hate to take less.—
Of them let's be silent, and never more grumble,
But learn to be thankful, and grateful, and humble;
Then let charity, first, to itself be a friend,
And before we mend others, ourselves let us mend
Then censure no longer; be just, and agree
If industrious, contented, our wants they will flee;
For the earth's a kind parent, when properly till'd,—
With plenty and fatness her offspring are fill'd;—
Then bid discontentment, and doubts too, begone,
For David has said, that no sorrows are long.
And tho' as for a night we languish in grief,
The morning is sure to return with relief.

Castle Hedingham. A. B.

PARODY ON SHAKESPEARE.

TO drink or not to drink? that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler for the mind to suffer
The gibes and banters of outrageous topers,
Or take off bumpers, as the toast goes round;
"To healths five fathoms deep?"—To drink, to sip
No more; and by a draught to say we end
Fatigue, and quench a thousand feverish heats
That thirst gives birth to.—'Tis a potation
Most eagerly to quaff. To drink, to sip,
To quaff? perchance get drunk? Aye, there's the danger,
For, in these jolly parties what may come,
When we throw off the safe-guard of our reason,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
Should make sobriety of life's long date.
For, who would hear the roar of songs encor'd
The hunter's chase, the seaman's boisterous cheers,
The soldier's oaths, and loose discourse of love;
The politician's din, and the quick quarrels

That

That tongues impatient of dissent do raise,
When he himself rich beverage might make
With bare spring water? who would poison swallow,
And juice adulterate, misnomer'd wine.
But that the dread of being singular,
And that false shame, 'gainst which with resolution
Few modern youth's withstand, which makes them rather
Low-sotting clubs and midnight revels join,
Than learn'd society, and eke the fair
Of soft and polish'd manners, making man.

ANCIENT INSCRIPTION ON A BOWLING-GREEN DOOR.

THE world's the bowling-green on which we play,
The bowls we play with, creatures that we use;
Rubbers our passions are; our destin'd way
Need no ground-giver, there's but one to chuse,
The way of all flesh; seven's the game, 'tis plain,
For seven times seven is oft life's utmost bound.
The grave's our goal, which when we do obtain,
Our game is out, our bowls left on the ground.

THE GHOST OF A SCOLD.

'TIS said that a cottager once pass'd his life
In the shade of a Forest profound;
And content might have been, had he not had a wife,
Who kept up the clamours of conjugal strife,
'Till death laid her low in the ground.

'Twas midnight, when loudly the tempest did roar,
Neither rain, wind, or lightning he fear'd;
A storm from without he could easily brave,
Since his wife, as he thought, was at peace in her grave,
When lo! at his side she appeared.

Her green-saucer eyes, with terrific grimace,
She on him tremendously glanc'd;
She hugg'd him close round in a thrilling embrace,
While her cold livid lips slabber'd over his face;
She then round him maliciously danc'd.

Then silence thus broke:—"How are you, my dear?
Why are you thus fill'd with afright?
As I thought you'd be dull, in this evening so drear,
A visit I've paid, and your spirits to cheer,
Beside you I'll sit all the night."

Now he trembled all over with terror and rage,
And he tore off the hair from his head,
Nought, said he, while you liv'd could your clamour assuage,
Why must I for ever your damn'd tongue engage,
Zounds! Why can't you rest now your dead?

Thus teaz'd, soon he plung'd, hurried on by despair,
In the streamlet with willows o'erhung;
And 'tis said, dreadful scoldings are heard in the air,
For he's doom'd for his crime never ceasing to bear
The noise of the termagant's tongue.

When hoots the screech-owl on the old cottage walls,
When days golden glories are fled;
Still knave, thief, and cuckold, her husband she calls,
When, if she takes breath, he impatiently bawls,
Zounds! Why can't you rest now you're dead?

INSCRIPTION ON AN IONIC COLUMN,

Erected to the memory of a favourite Dog, which was shot by accident.

D. M.
Optimi et fidelissimi amici,
Sodalis jucundissimi,
Qui nihil injusti, nihil mali,
Nihil indecori, nihil denique
Contra summam virtutem et honorem agitae
Visu Domini decepto
Plumbum occeptit lethale et,
Fato concedens me tuum occidisti
Pompeium
Tumulo dixit me
An. M,DCC,LXI.